THE TRANSFORMERS
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE
VOLUME 4

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☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #12 COVER A

by **ANDREW GRIFFITH** COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**

I GOT THE CALL ABOUT PROWL. BEE WANTED ME ON-SCENE, EVEN IF IT WASN'T EXACTLY MY AREA OF EXPERTISE.
PROWL HAD MOVED ON THE DECEPTICONS—THE ONES THAT TOOK OUT OMEGA SUPREME...
...AND GOT A FACEFUL OF EXPLODING DECEPTICON PEN FOR HIS TROUBLES.
FIXIT, IS HE—?
STABLE, I'M TOLD.
BUT THERE'LL BE WORSE BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER.
NO WORD ON WHO WAS STILL LIVING IN THE PEN WHEN IT BLEW UP.
I THOUGHT IT WAS MOSTLY EMPTY.
MOSTLY ISN'T EMPTY.
I NEED MEDICAL STAFF ONLY—CLEAR THE ROOM, EVERYBODY.
WHEELJACK—
YEAH, YEAH, WE SHOULD GET TO THE PEN, SEE IF WE CAN HELP THERE, STARSCREAM.
IT'S NOT THAT. THERE'S SOMETHING WORSE.
STARSCREAM WASN'T EXAGGERATING WHEN HE STOPPED ME AND TOLD ME WHAT HE TOLD ME.
WAY, WAY WORSE.
I DON'T THINK BUMBLEBEE WILL BELIEVE ME, BUT HE'S GOT TO HEAR THIS...
ANYWAY, THAT'S HOW I WOUND UP WITH FRONT-ROW SEATS—

—FOR THE RETURN OF MEGATRON.
CITY ON
I COME IN PEACE.

FIRE
DON'T TAKE A STEP.
NO.
THIS DOESN'T HAPPEN TO MY CITY.
AUTOBOTS —KILL HIM.

FINALLY.
I—
KRAKA
KRAKKA
KRAKKA
KRAKKA
KRAKKA
KRAKKA

KRAKA
KRAKA
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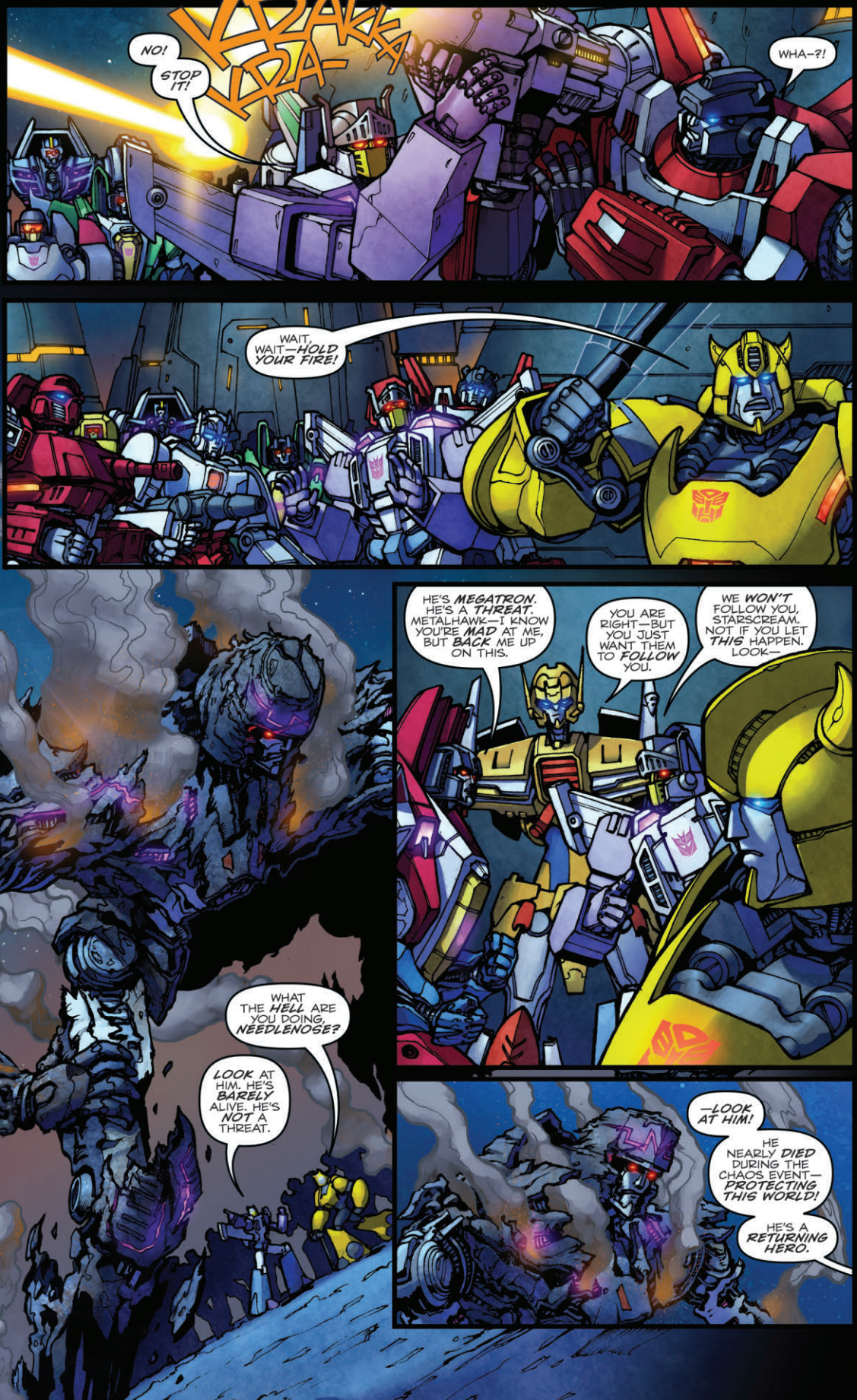
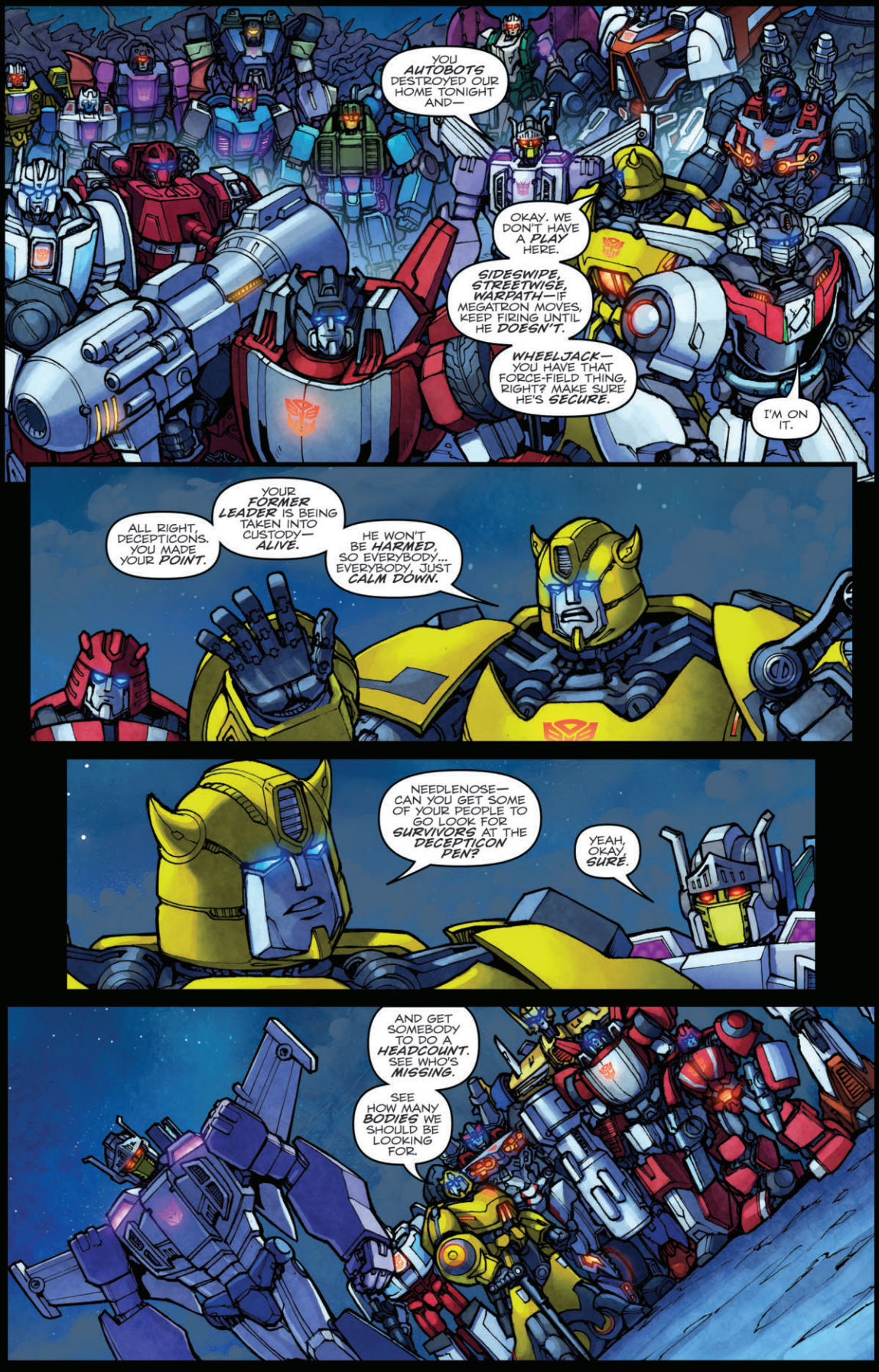
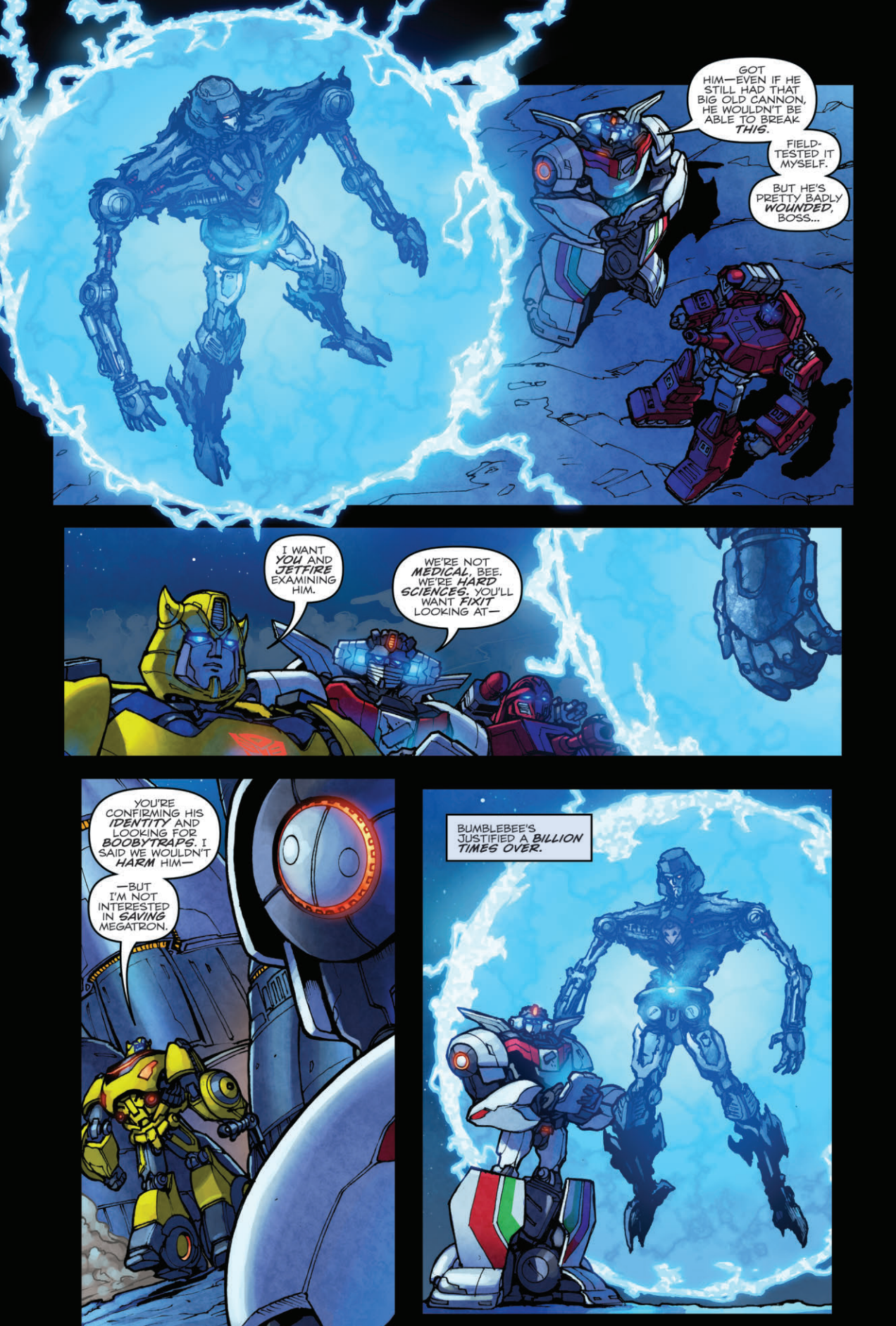

KRAKKA KRA-
NO! STOP IT!
WHA–?!
WAIT, WAIT—HOLD YOUR FIRE!
HE'S MEGATRON. HE'S A THREAT. METALHAWK—I KNOW YOU'RE MAD AT ME, BUT BACK ME UP ON THIS.
YOU ARE RIGHT—BUT YOU JUST WANT THEM TO FOLLOW YOU.
WE WON'T FOLLOW YOU, STARSCREAM. NOT IF YOU LET THIS HAPPEN. LOOK—
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING, NEEDLENOSE?
LOOK AT HIM. HE'S BARELY ALIVE. HE'S NOT A THREAT.
—LOOK AT HIM!
HE NEARLY DIED DURING THE CHAOS EVENT—PROTECTING THIS WORLD!
HE'S A RETURNING HERO.


YOU AUTOBOTS DESTROYED OUR HOME TONIGHT AND—
OKAY. WE DON'T HAVE A PLAY HERE.
SIDESWIPE, STREETWISE, WARPATH—IF MEGATRON MOVES, KEEP FIRING UNTIL HE DOESN'T.
WHEELJACK—YOU HAVE THAT FORCE-FIELD THING, RIGHT? MAKE SURE HE'S SECURE.
I'M ON IT.
ALL RIGHT, DECEPTICONS. YOU MADE YOUR POINT.
YOUR FORMER LEADER IS BEING TAKEN INTO CUSTODY—ALIVE.
HE WON'T BE HARMED, SO EVERYBODY... EVERYBODY, JUST CALM DOWN.
NEEDLENOSE—CAN YOU GET SOME OF YOUR PEOPLE TO GO LOOK FOR SURVIVORS AT THE DECEPTICON PEN?
YEAH, OKAY, SURE.
AND GET SOMEBODY TO DO A HEADCOUNT. SEE WHO'S MISSING.
SEE HOW MANY BODIES WE SHOULD BE LOOKING FOR.

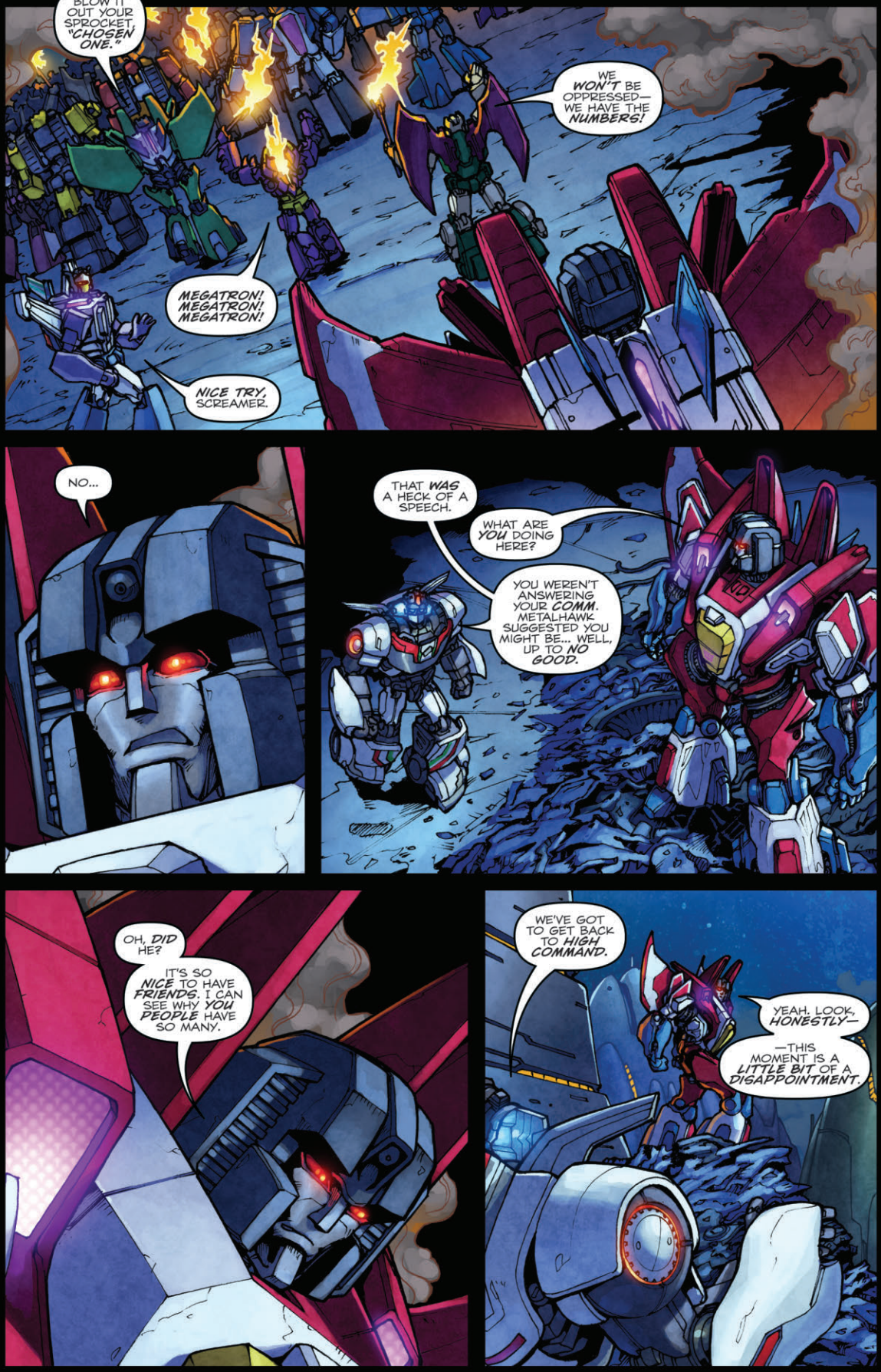

GOT HIM—EVEN IF HE STILL HAD THAT BIG OLD CANNON, HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO BREAK *THIS*.
FIELD-TESTED IT MYSELF.
BUT HE'S PRETTY BADLY *WOUNDED*, BOSS...
I WANT *YOU* AND *JETFIRE* EXAMINING HIM.
WE'RE NOT *MEDICAL*, BEE. WE'RE *HARD SCIENCES*. YOU'LL WANT *FIXIT* LOOKING AT—
YOU'RE CONFIRMING HIS *IDENTITY* AND LOOKING FOR *BOOBYTRAPS*. I SAID WE WOULDN'T *HARM* HIM—
—BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN *SAVING* MEGATRON.
BUMBLEBEE'S JUSTIFIED A *BILLION TIMES OVER*.

I MEAN, HOW MANY DEATHS *IS* MEGATRON RESPONSIBLE FOR?
B-BUH...
...BUHM BUHL BEEHH...
HOW MANY NEW ONES WOULD I BE PREVENTING IF I GOT A LITTLE *OVERZEALOUS* IN MY EXAMINING?
HUH. THAT'S PROBABLY HOW *PROWL* LOOKS AT THESE THINGS.
AND LOOK WHERE *THAT* GOT HIM.
WHAT'S HIS *STATUS?*
WELL, IT'S *MEGATRON*, ALL RIGHT. NO *WEAPONS* OR ANYTHING.
HE'S... I THINK HE WANTS TO *TALK* TO YOU.
NO.
PRIME WENT DOWN THAT ROAD, AND IT DOESN'T *END* THE WAY I *WANT* IT TO.
SO, UH, YOU WANT TO *LEAVE* HIM IN THERE?
FOR *NOW.*
THINGS ARE GOING TO GO *WRONG.*

MY PEOPLE—WE'RE GOING TO GET CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF YOUR WAR, AGAIN.
MY PEOPLE ARE GOING TO DIE.
METALHAWK—
NO. WAIT. YOU'RE COMPLETELY RIGHT. THAT'S ABSOLUTELY WHAT SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO DO.
WE NEED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN, AND WE NEED TO GET AHEAD OF IT.
I WISH PROWL WAS UP AND RUNNING. THIS IS WHAT HE'S GOOD AT.
PROWL WAS INJURED AT AN INOPPORTUNE TIME.
YEAH...
...HEY, THINK ABOUT THE LAST FEW MONTHS... WE LOST IRONHIDE, THE DINOBOTS, THE AERIALBOTS, SKY LYNX, OMEGA SUPREME, AND NOW PROWL.
OUR TOUGHEST 'BOTS—AND MOST O' OUR FLIERS.
NOT TO MENTION THE DECEPTICONS...
RATBAT, THE CONSTRUCTICONS, BOMBSHELL, AND—ACCORDING TO MIRAGE, DOWN AT THE PEN—SHOCKWAVE, SOUNDWAVE, THE CASSETTES, THE TRIPLE-CHANGERS...
...I THOUGHT IT HAD JUST BEEN A ROUGH PERIOD OF RESETTLING, BUT...
IT LOOKS STRATEGIC. WHO COULD BE DOIN' IT...?
WHO'S RISEN TO POWER BEYOND HIS STATION? WHO WAS JUST NOW MOST IN FAVOR OF GETTING MEGATRON OUT OF THE PICTURE?
AND WHO HAS DECLARED HIMSELF...

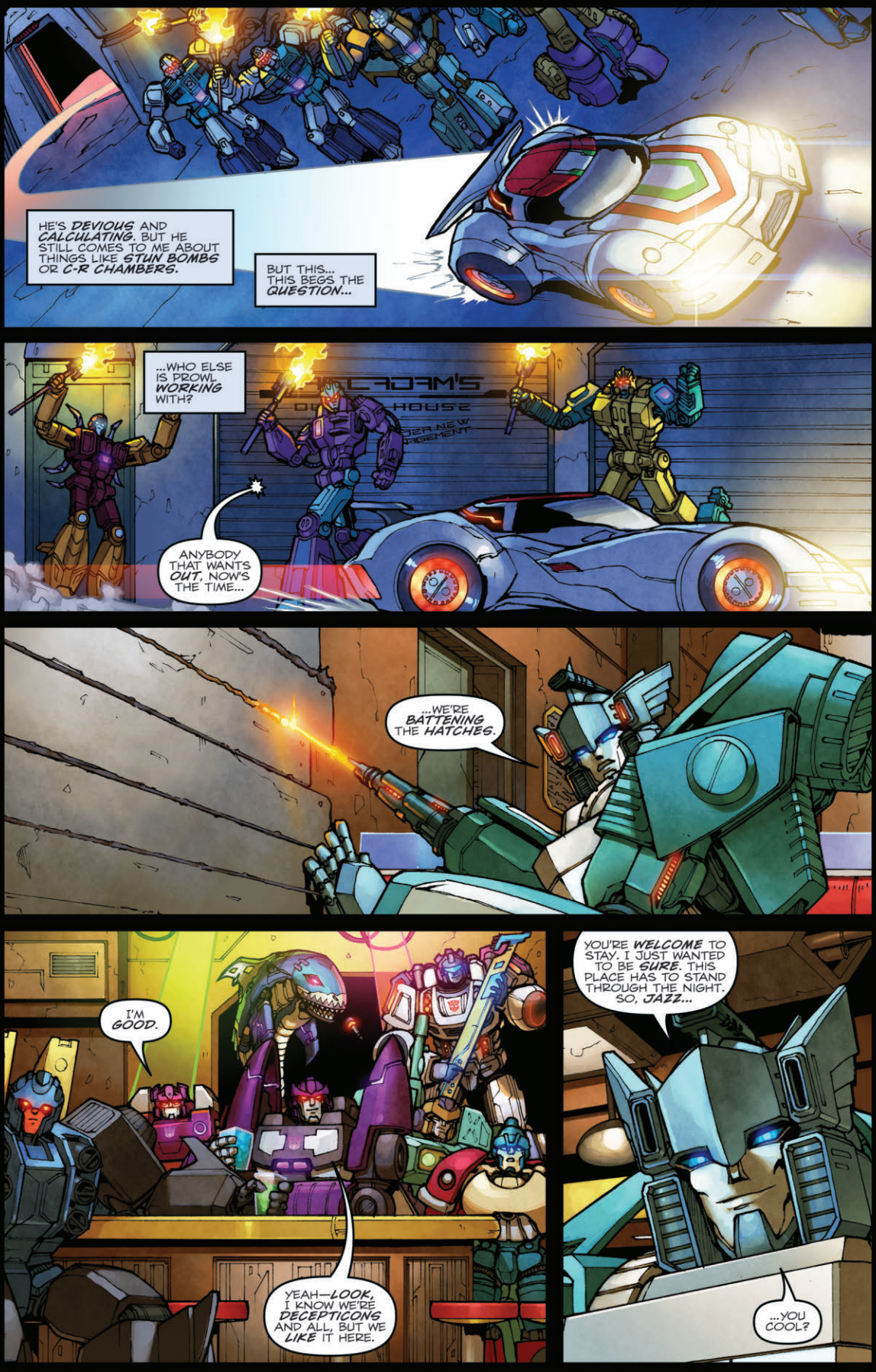
"...THE CHOSEN ONE...?"
PRIMUS...
...I THOUGHT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR SURVIVORS. YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE MARCHING ON HIGH COMMAND.
YEAH, WELL, THERE AREN'T ANY SURVIVORS.
AND YOU KNOW BETTER THAN ME, STARSCREAM—
—IT'S NOT EASY TO CONTROL THESE GUYS. THEY'RE SICK AND TIRED OF THE AUTOBOTS. THEY'RE MAD AND ALL THEIR LEADERS ARE DEAD OR... WELL, YOU.
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR A RETURN TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS, AND I DON'T THINK THEY'RE GOING TO STOP UNTIL THEY HAVE MEGATRON GIVING THEM ORDERS TO KILL AUTOBOTS AGAIN.
WELL, WE CAN'T HAVE THAT.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
BE INSPIRING.

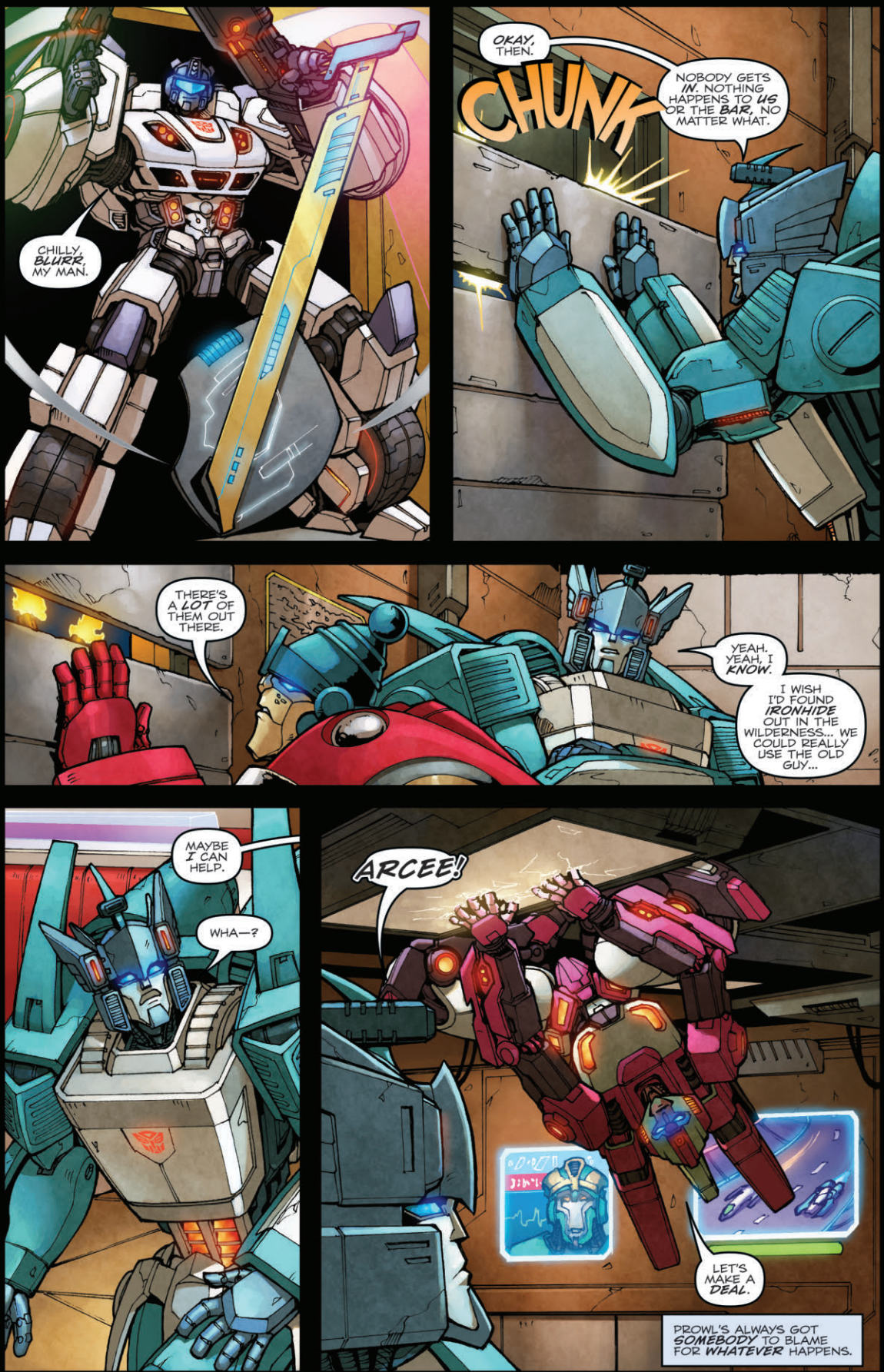
EVERYONE, WAIT A MINUTE. THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING.
THIS HAS BEEN A TERRIBLE NIGHT...
...WE LOST SOME OF OUR BEST AND BRIGHTEST, BUT WE CAN CARRY ON...
...IF WE DON'T LOSE SIGHT OF WHAT WE FOUGHT FOR.
OUR CAUSE WAS JUST.
OUR WAR WAS FOR EQUALITY.
WE FOUGHT FOR SO LONG, AND WE STARED DEFEAT IN THE EYE... AND WE DIDN'T LOOK AWAY.
NOW WE STAND ON THE PRECIPICE OF VICTORY.
WE'VE LOST ALLIES, WE'VE LOST LEADERS—BUT CHANGE HAS ALWAYS BEEN OUR WAY.
WE MUST LEAVE BEHIND OUR DESTRUCTIVE PAST.
VIOLENCE IS THE OLD WAY—MEGATRON IS THE OLD WAY.
I AM THE NEW—WHEN I'M ELECTED LEADER, THIS WILL BE A VICTORY FOR US, AND FOR ALL CYBERTRONIANS—
—BECAUSE WE'LL PROVE WE WERE RIGHT, NOT THROUGH THE SUPERIORITY OF OUR FIREPOWER...
...BUT THROUGH THE SUPERIORITY OF OUR IDEAS.
A VALIDATION NOT FOR THE METHODS THAT LONG TARNISHED THE DECEPTICON DREAM, BUT FOR THE DREAM ITSELF.
VICTORY IS AT HAND—AND IT IS OURS TO LOSE.
WILL YOU STAND WITH ME?

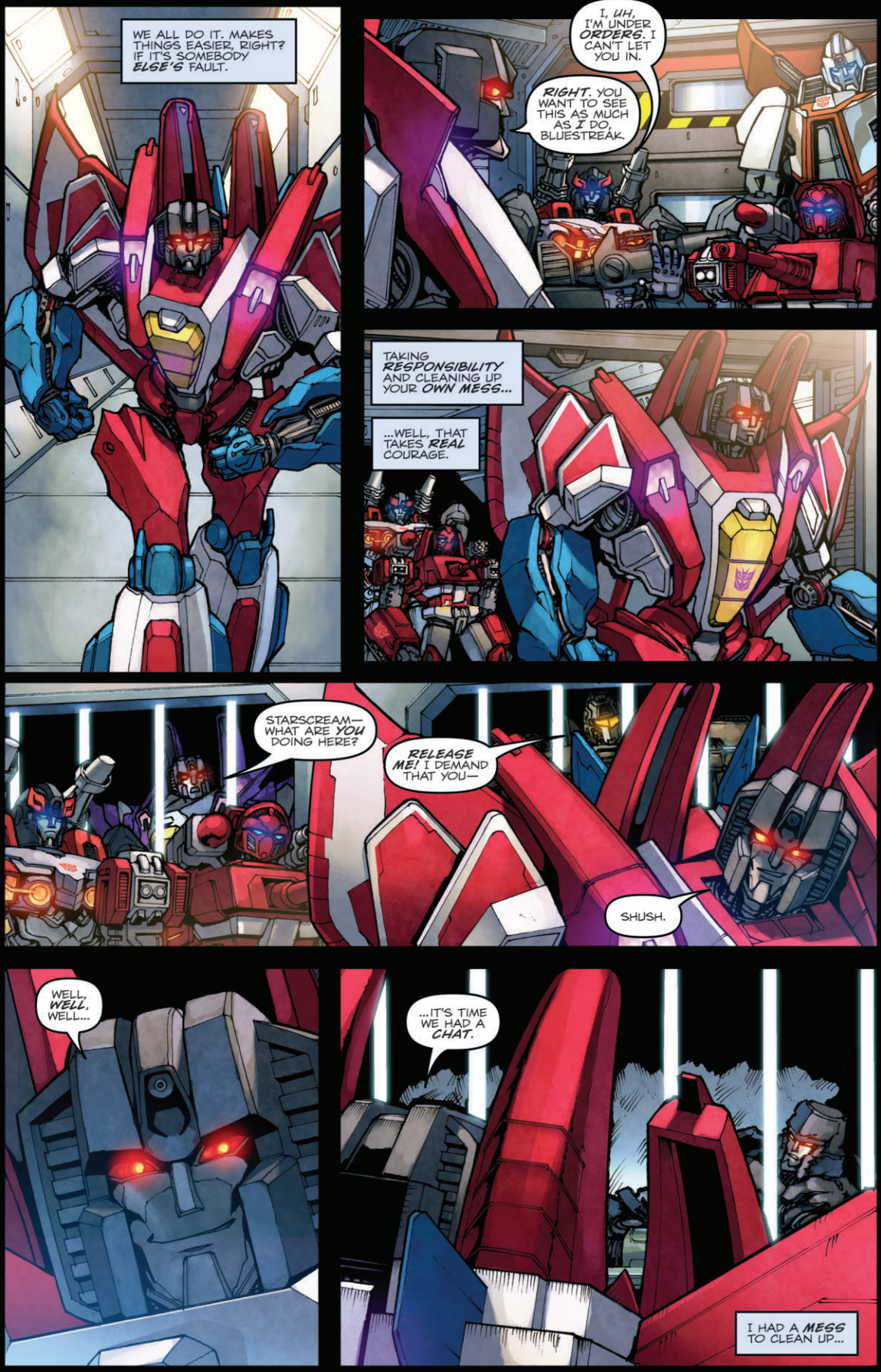

BLOW IT OUT YOUR SPROCKET, "CHOSEN ONE."
WE WON'T BE OPPRESSED— WE HAVE THE NUMBERS!
MEGATRON! MEGATRON! MEGATRON!
NICE TRY, SCREAMER.
NO...
THAT WAS A HECK OF A SPEECH.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
YOU WEREN'T ANSWERING YOUR COMM. METALHAWK SUGGESTED YOU MIGHT BE... WELL, UP TO NO GOOD.
OH, DID HE?
IT'S SO NICE TO HAVE FRIENDS. I CAN SEE WHY YOU PEOPLE HAVE SO MANY.
WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO HIGH COMMAND.
YEAH. LOOK, HONESTLY—
—THIS MOMENT IS A LITTLE BIT OF A DISAPPOINTMENT.

MY PEOPLE WON'T *FOLLOW* ME; THE ONLY FRIEND I HAVE DOESN'T EVEN *TRUST* ME.
I TRUST YOU.
REALLY?
YEAH. *LOOK.* I *VOUCHED* FOR YOU, RIGHT? WAY BACK *WHEN.* AND SO FAR YOU'VE ONLY ACTED IN CYBERTRON'S *BEST INTEREST.*
YOU HAVEN'T BETRAYED MY *TRUST* YET.
BREEP BREEP
I'LL BE *BACK.*
STARSCREAM—
BREEP BREEP
DAMN.
WHAT *IS* IT?
FIXIT HERE—YOU BETTER COME BACK TO THE *MED-CENTER.* THIS IS SOMETHING REALLY *WEIRD.*
WHAT'S THE *NIGHT* GOING TO TURN INTO?
WITHOUT ANY *LEADERSHIP,* THE DECEPTICONS ARE A *MOB*—AND MOBS ARE INHERENTLY *CHAOTIC.*

ANYTHING CAN SET THEM OFF...
I HOPE THIS IS GOOD.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'D CALL THIS.
THAT'S PROWL'S REGENERATION CHAMBER—WHERE IS HE?!
THAT'S A GREAT QUESTION. THERE WAS NO WAY HE COULD WALK OUT AND NOBODY BROKE IN.
AT LEAST AS FAR AS WE KNOW.
HEY!
WELL, THE DECEPTICONS AREN'T EXACTLY BEING SUBTLE OUT THERE, SO THEY DON'T SEEM TOO LIKELY. THIS IS PROWL WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT...
...SO LET'S SEE IF PROWL WENT HOME.
HUH.
KUNK KUNK
THIS THING ISN'T SHOWING PROWL'S QUARTERS AT ALL. IT'S JUST A BLACK SPOT ON THE GRID.
HAS IT ALWAYS BEEN LIKE THAT? I MEAN, IS THIS NEW?
I NEVER THOUGHT TO LOOK. SO I'LL MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME AND SEE FOR MYSELF WHAT'S UP.
BE CAREFUL OUT THERE.
PROWL'S A SMART 'BOT—NO QUESTION. AND HE FOLLOWS HIS OWN PATH, THAT'S FOR SURE.

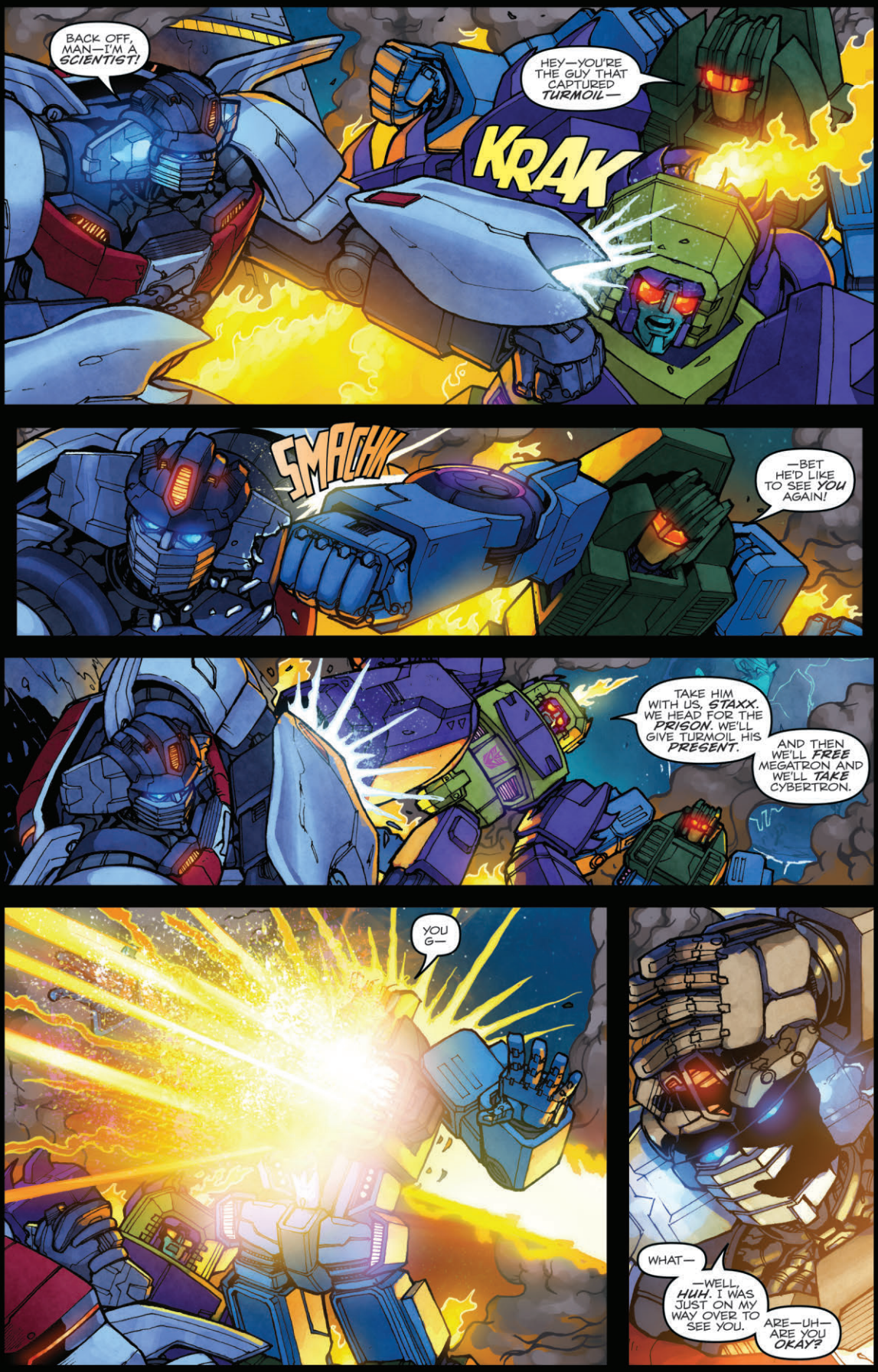

HE'S DEVIOUS AND CALCULATING. BUT HE STILL COMES TO ME ABOUT THINGS LIKE STUN BOMBS OR C-R CHAMBERS.
BUT THIS... THIS BEGS THE QUESTION...
...WHO ELSE IS PROWL WORKING WITH?
ANYBODY THAT WANTS OUT, NOW'S THE TIME...
...WE'RE BATTENING THE HATCHES.
I'M GOOD.
YEAH—LOOK, I KNOW WE'RE DECEPTICONS AND ALL, BUT WE LIKE IT HERE.
YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY. I JUST WANTED TO BE SURE. THIS PLACE HAS TO STAND THROUGH THE NIGHT. SO, JAZZ...
...YOU COOL?

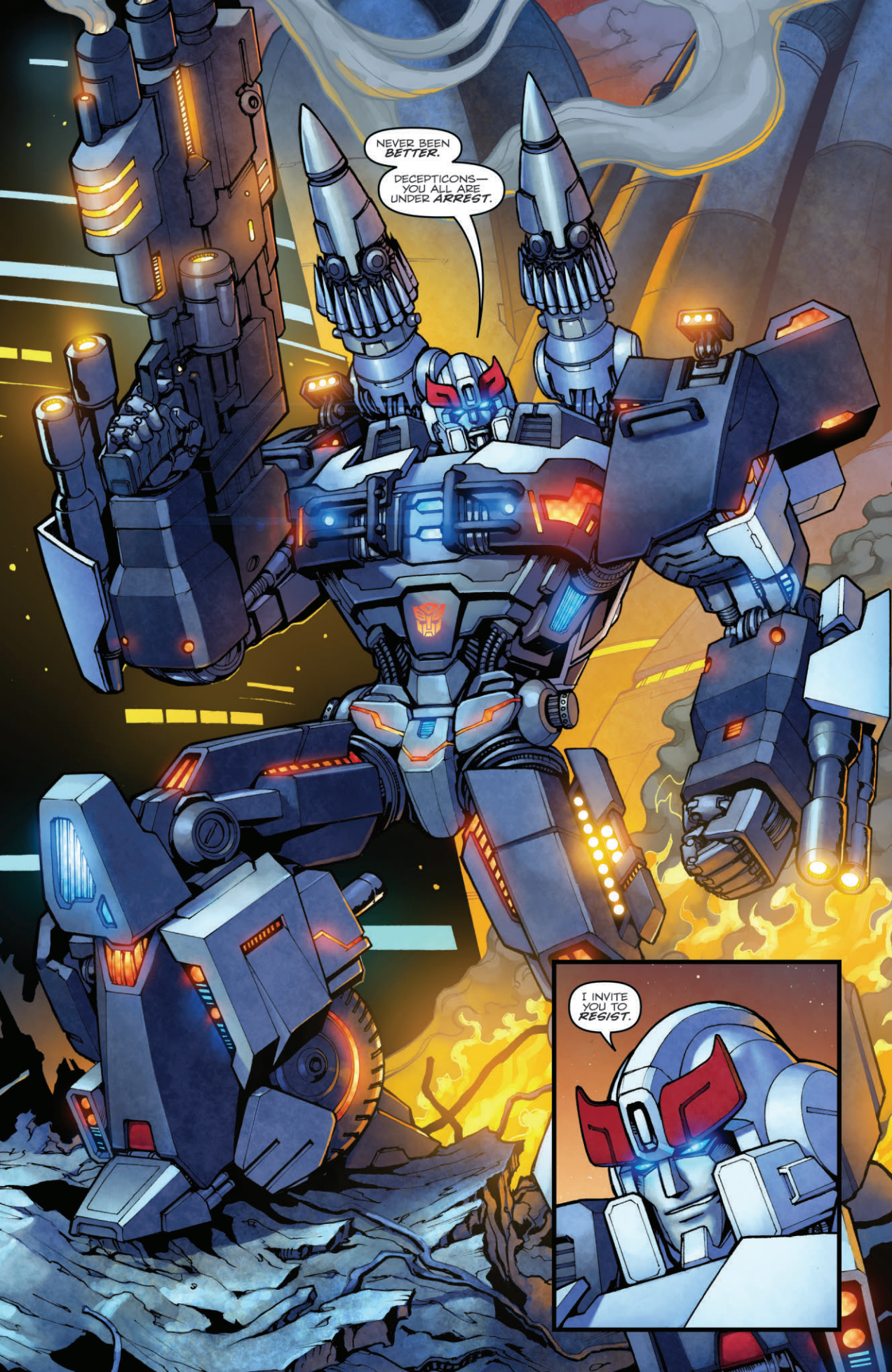

CHILLY, BLURR, MY MAN.
OKAY, THEN.
CHUNK
NOBODY GETS IN. NOTHING HAPPENS TO US OR THE BAR, NO MATTER WHAT.
THERE'S A LOT OF THEM OUT THERE.
YEAH. YEAH, I KNOW.
I WISH I'D FOUND IRONHIDE OUT IN THE WILDERNESS... WE COULD REALLY USE THE OLD GUY...
MAYBE I CAN HELP.
WHA—?
ARCEE!
LET'S MAKE A DEAL.
PROWL'S ALWAYS GOT SOMEBODY TO BLAME FOR WHATEVER HAPPENS.


WE ALL DO IT. MAKES THINGS EASIER, RIGHT? IF IT'S SOMEBODY *ELSE'S* FAULT.
I, *UH*, I'M UNDER *ORDERS*. I CAN'T LET YOU IN.
RIGHT. YOU WANT TO SEE THIS AS MUCH AS *I* DO, BLUESTREAK.
TAKING *RESPONSIBILITY* AND CLEANING UP YOUR *OWN MESS*...
...WELL, THAT TAKES *REAL* COURAGE.
STARSCREAM— WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?
RELEASE ME! I DEMAND THAT YOU—
SHUSH.
WELL, *WELL*, WELL...
...IT'S TIME WE HAD A *CHAT*.
I HAD A *MESS* TO CLEAN UP...

...BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, I HAD A BIGGER MESS IN MY WAY.
AUTOBOT!
GET OFF THE ROAD! THE STREETS ARE OURS!
THE CITY IS OURS!
KA-SKRASH
NO—IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE LIKE THIS. WE CAN LIVE TOGETHER!
LOOK AT ALL THE PROGRESS WE MADE!
"PROGRESS"! YOU—YOU TOOL.
YOU STAND BY WHEN PROWL KILLS US ONE BY ONE, AND YOU TELL US IT'S "PROGRESS"?
MEGATRON IS BACK. HE'LL LEAD US!
THAT'S WHEN IT HITS ME.

ANYTHING SETS THEM OFF. BUT THIS TIME, IT'S ME.
ME BEING IN THE WRONG PLACE—
—AT THE WRONG TIME—
FWA-BWOOM
—PROVIDED THE SPARK TO LIGHT THE CITY ON FIRE.
YOU READY, AUTOBOT?
NOT SO FAST—
KRAK
TYPICAL AUTOBOT— ALL TALK—
SKUNCH
—ALL WEAKNESS.


BACK OFF, MAN—I'M A SCIENTIST!
HEY—YOU'RE THE GUY THAT CAPTURED TURMOIL—
KRAK
SMACK!
—BET HE'D LIKE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
TAKE HIM WITH US, STAXX. WE HEAD FOR THE PRISON. WE'LL GIVE TURMOIL HIS PRESENT.
AND THEN WE'LL FREE MEGATRON AND WE'LL TAKE CYBERTRON.
YOU G—
WHAT—
—WELL. HUH. I WAS JUST ON MY WAY OVER TO SEE YOU.
ARE—UH—ARE YOU OKAY?

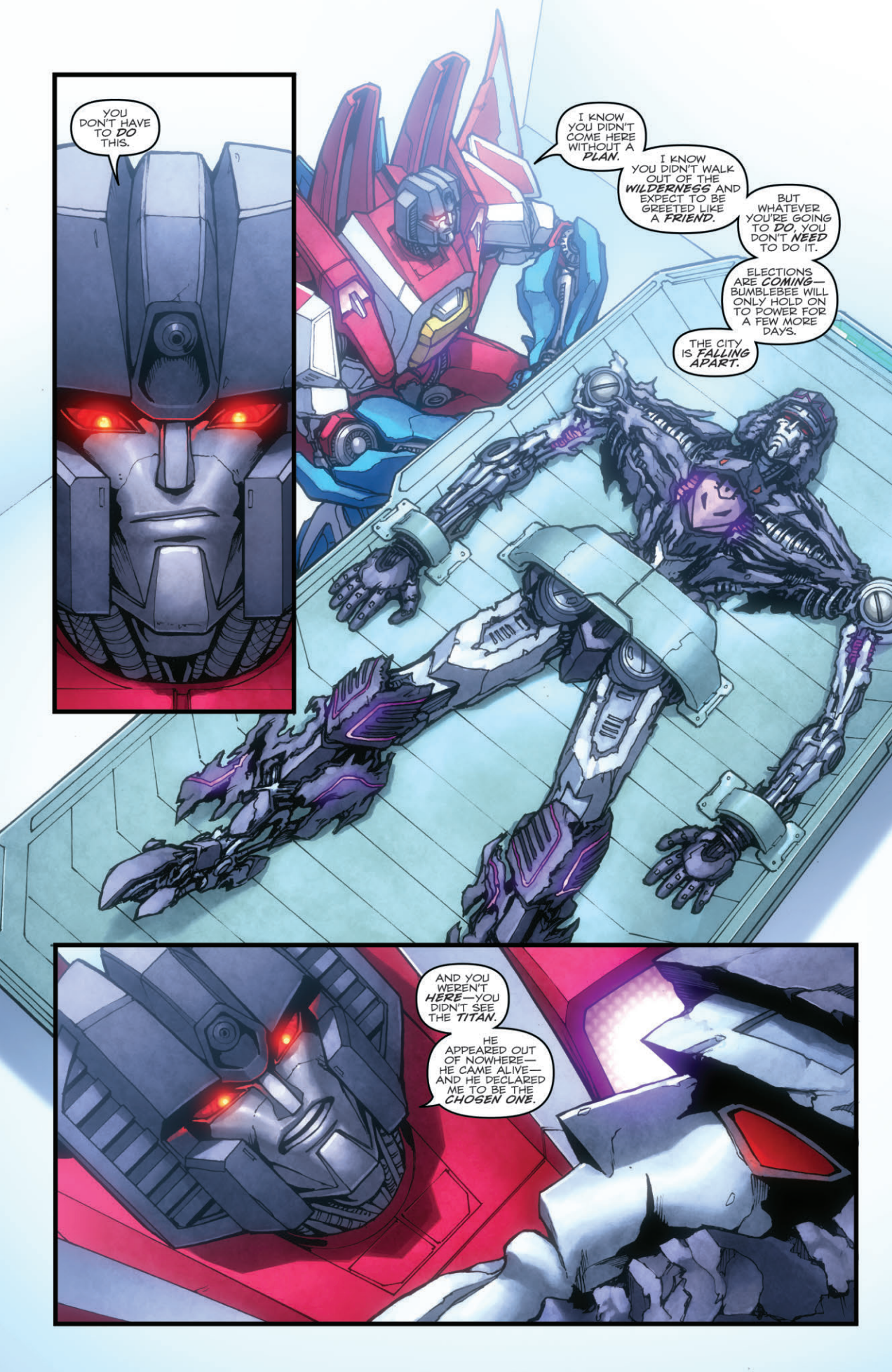

NEVER BEEN BETTER.
DECEPTICONS—YOU ALL ARE UNDER ARREST.
I INVITE YOU TO RESIST.

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #12 COVER B

by **CASEY W. COLLER** Colors by **JOANA LAFUENTE**

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #13 COVER A

by **ANDREW GRIFFITH** COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**

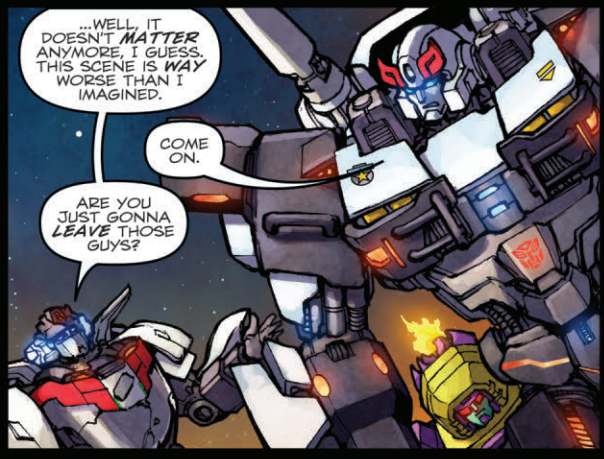

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS.
I KNOW YOU DIDN'T COME HERE WITHOUT A PLAN.
I KNOW YOU DIDN'T WALK OUT OF THE WILDERNESS AND EXPECT TO BE GREETED LIKE A FRIEND.
BUT WHATEVER YOU'RE GOING TO DO, YOU DON'T NEED TO DO IT.
ELECTIONS ARE COMING—BUMBLEBEE WILL ONLY HOLD ON TO POWER FOR A FEW MORE DAYS.
THE CITY IS FALLING APART.
AND YOU WEREN'T HERE—YOU DIDN'T SEE THE TITAN.
HE APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE—HE CAME ALIVE—AND HE DECLARED ME TO BE THE CHOSEN ONE.

ME.
THIS IS MY VICTORY.
AND I DID IT WITHOUT SHOOTING, WITHOUT BLOWING THINGS UP. IT WAS FORCE OF WILL.
MY WILL HAS PLACED US ON THE VERGE OF VICTORY, AND YOUR—
—YOUR PLAN, OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE DOING...
...YOU'RE GOING TO TURN IT BACK INTO WHAT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN.
AUTOBOTS SHOOTING AT DECEPTICONS AND ANOTHER FOUR MILLION YEARS OF WAR.
BUT WE DON'T NEED IT. I'M GOING TO WIN.
THE DECEPTICON FLAG WILL FLY OVER CYBERTRON.
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS NOT RUIN EVERYTHING.

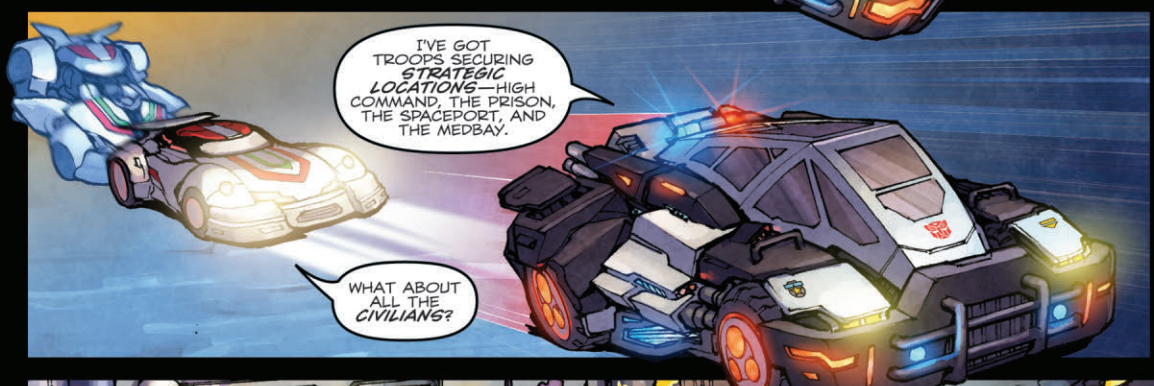
WHA—?!
WAM
WAM
OPEN THE DOOR! LET ME OUT!
HE MOVED! HE SMILED!
HA. RIGHT, STARSCREAM.
MEGATRON'S GOT A LOT TO SMILE ABOUT.
THIS ISN'T FUNNY, BLUESTREAK...
...THE COM-NET IS DOWN—THERE'S JUST A HALF-DOZEN AUTOBOTS BETWEEN US AND... THEM.
IT'S CALLED GALLOWS HUMOR. I KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING OUTSIDE, JETFIRE.
I'M NOT THE ONE THAT'S STILL PLAYING GAMES...
...BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WIN ANYTHING, STARSCREAM.
FACT IS, YOU'LL BE LUCKY TO GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE...

...HELL, WE'LL BE LUCKY IF ANY OF US DO.
OH, I KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING, AUTOBOT. JUST WHEN I HAD IT ALL IN MY GRASP...
...WHEN METROTITAN DECLARED ME THE RIGHTFUL RULER OF THE CYBERTRONIAN RACE—THE DECEPTICONS BLOW UP OMEGA SUPREME AND MAKE THE NEUTRALS TURN AGAINST ME.
SO I MAKE A DEAL WITH PROWL THAT WILL GET ME AUTOBOT SUPPORT—WITTINGLY OR UN—BUT PROWL AND HIS LITTLE PINK ASSASSIN HAVE THEIR OWN GAME.
NO AUTOBOTS ON MY SIDE.
THEN MEGATRON RETURNS... AND THE DECEPTICONS—MY LAST POWER BASE—RALLY AROUND HIM.
MEGS HAS A ONE-TRACK MIND. HE'S NEVER LEARNED. NEVER CHANGED.
I DID.
BUT WHAT'S IT GOT ME?
the verge

PROWL—I WAS COMING TO GET YOU... I LEARNED THAT...

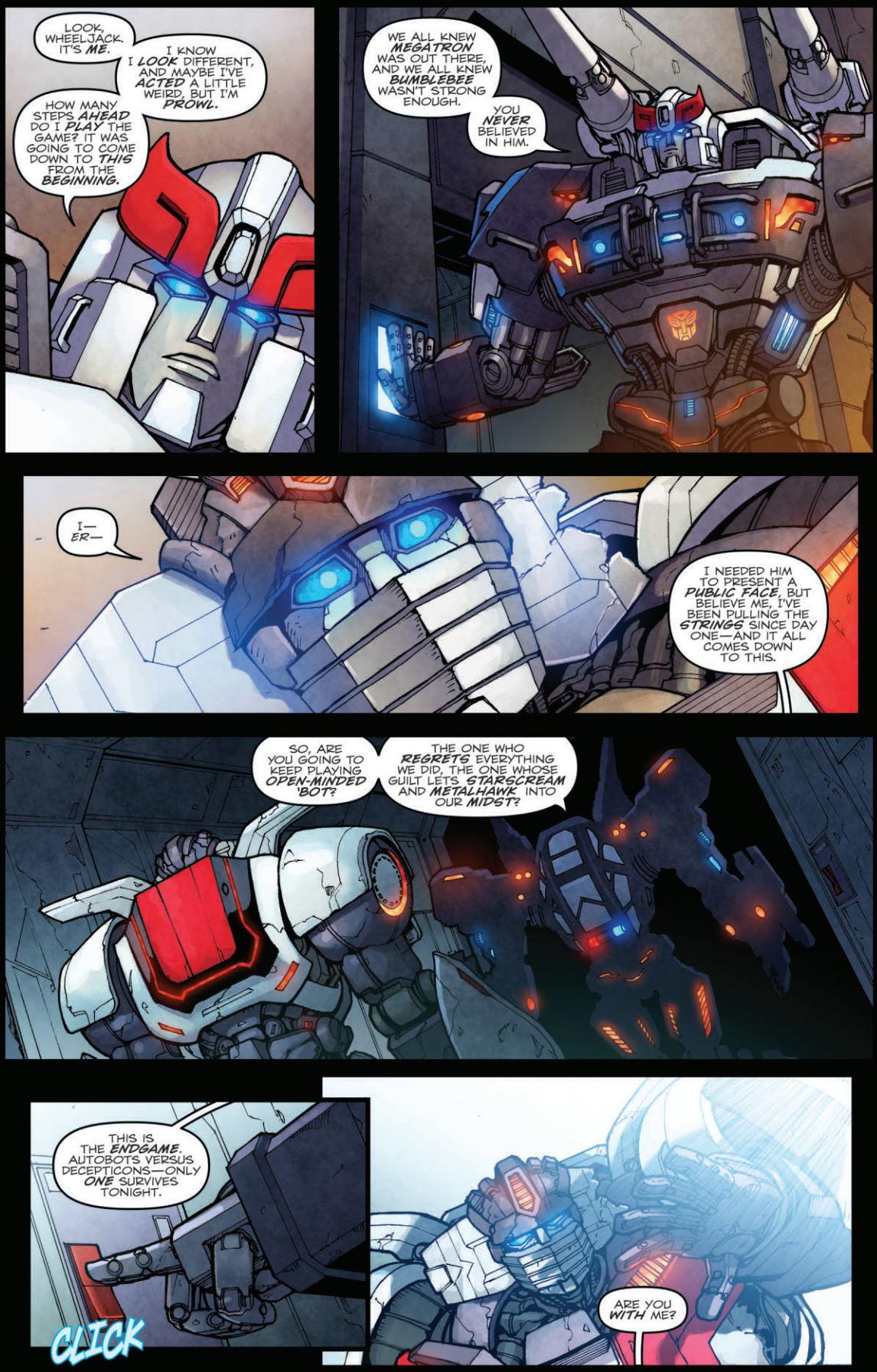

...WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER ANYMORE, I GUESS. THIS SCENE IS WAY WORSE THAN I IMAGINED.
COME ON.
ARE YOU JUST GONNA LEAVE THOSE GUYS?

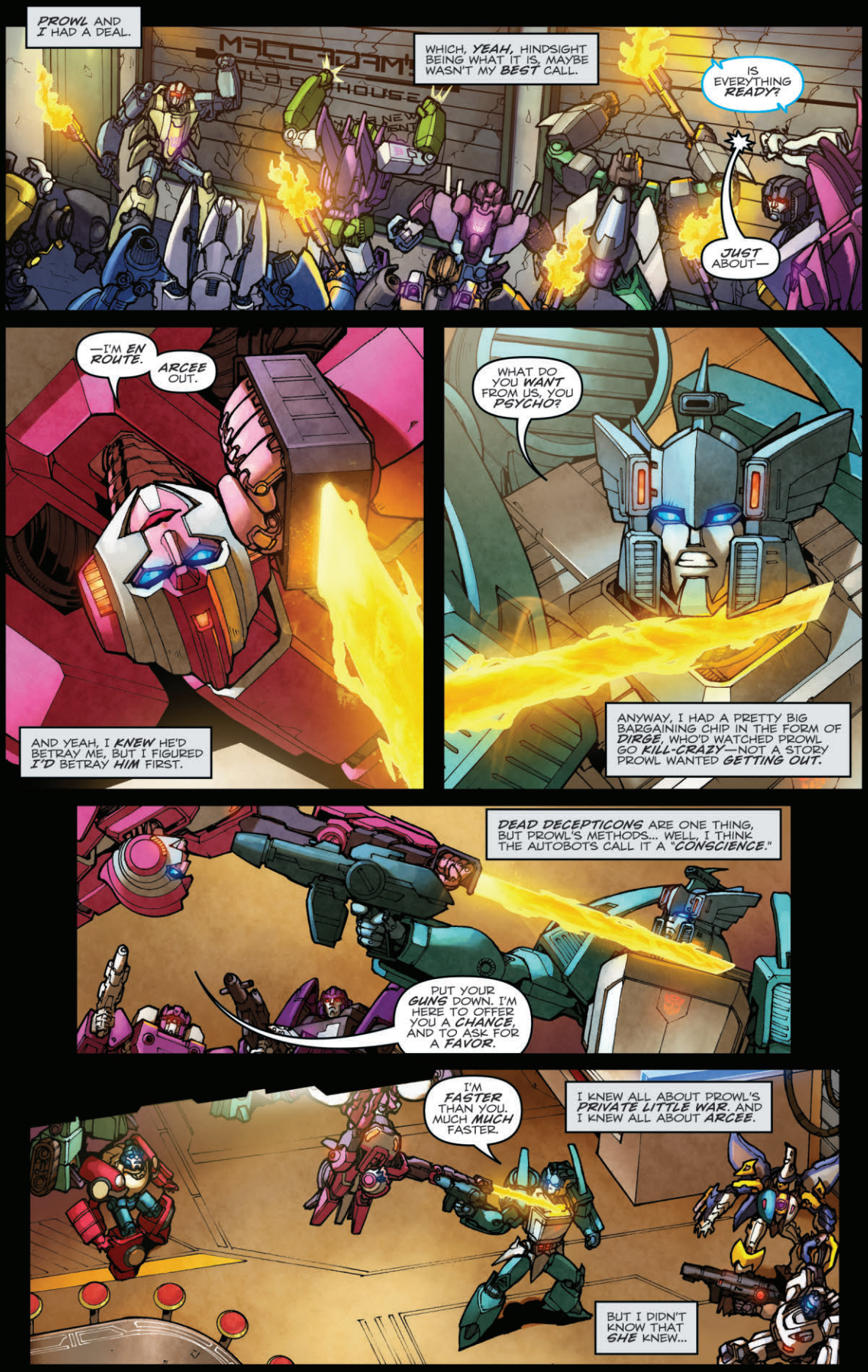
WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO, WHEELJACK? CALL FOR BACKUP?


I'VE GOT TROOPS SECURING STRATEGIC LOCATIONS—HIGH COMMAND, THE PRISON, THE SPACEPORT, AND THE MEDBAY.
WHAT ABOUT ALL THE CIVILIANS?

THEY'LL HAVE TO FEND FOR THEMSELVES.
WHAT?

I DON'T LIKE IT *EITHER*, BUT THERE AREN'T *ENOUGH* OF US. MILLIONS OF YEARS OF *WAR* HAS SEEN TO THAT.
I WAS A *FOOL* TO LET DECEPTICONS LOOSE IN MY CITY. *THIS* IS WHAT I GET.
WHAT *COULD* YA HAVE DONE?
KEPT 'EM LOCKED UP? *EXECUTED* 'EM?
WHATEVER THE CASE, *I'M* THE ONE WHO HAS TO CLEAN THIS UP.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
TO THE *BLACK ROOM.*
IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED WHAT'S GOING ON.
YOU'RE *CREEPING* ME OUT.
I KNOW.


LOOK, WHEELJACK. IT'S ME.
I KNOW I LOOK DIFFERENT, AND MAYBE I'VE ACTED A LITTLE WEIRD, BUT I'M PROWL.
HOW MANY STEPS AHEAD DO I PLAY THE GAME? IT WAS GOING TO COME DOWN TO THIS FROM THE BEGINNING.
WE ALL KNEW MEGATRON WAS OUT THERE, AND WE ALL KNEW BUMBLEBEE WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH.
YOU NEVER BELIEVED IN HIM.
I—ER—
I NEEDED HIM TO PRESENT A PUBLIC FACE, BUT BELIEVE ME, I'VE BEEN PULLING THE STRINGS SINCE DAY ONE—AND IT ALL COMES DOWN TO THIS.
SO, ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP PLAYING OPEN-MINDED 'BOT?
THE ONE WHO REGRETS EVERYTHING WE DID, THE ONE WHOSE GUILT LETS STARSCREAM AND METALHAWK INTO OUR MIDST?
THIS IS THE ENDGAME. AUTOBOTS VERSUS DECEPTICONS—ONLY ONE SURVIVES TONIGHT.
CLICK
ARE YOU WITH ME?

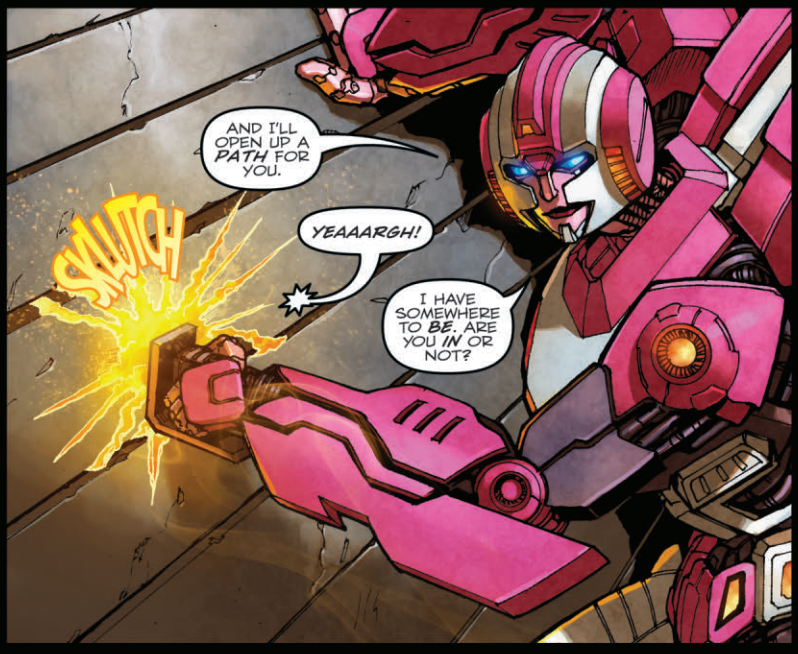

PROWL AND I HAD A DEAL.
WHICH, YEAH, HINDSIGHT BEING WHAT IT IS, MAYBE WASN'T MY BEST CALL.
IS EVERYTHING READY?
JUST ABOUT—
—I'M EN ROUTE.
ARCEE OUT.
AND YEAH, I KNEW HE'D BETRAY ME, BUT I FIGURED I'D BETRAY HIM FIRST.
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM US, YOU PSYCHO?
ANYWAY, I HAD A PRETTY BIG BARGAINING CHIP IN THE FORM OF DIRGE, WHO'D WATCHED PROWL GO KILL-CRAZY—NOT A STORY PROWL WANTED GETTING OUT.
DEAD DECEPTICONS ARE ONE THING, BUT PROWL'S METHODS... WELL, I THINK THE AUTOBOTS CALL IT A "CONSCIENCE."
PUT YOUR GUNS DOWN. I'M HERE TO OFFER YOU A CHANCE, AND TO ASK FOR A FAVOR.
I'M FASTER THAN YOU. MUCH MUCH FASTER.
I KNEW ALL ABOUT PROWL'S PRIVATE LITTLE WAR. AND I KNEW ALL ABOUT ARCEE.
BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THAT SHE KNEW...

...WHERE I WAS STASHING DIRGE.
YEAH, SURE YOU ARE. BUT I'LL KILL EVERYBODY IN THE ROOM AND NEVER GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT.
THAT GIVES ME A LITTLE BIT OF AN ADVANTAGE IF WE START FIGHTING.
BUT— WHAT—?
SCRAKK
BLURR, THE DECEPTICONS OUTSIDE AREN'T LETTING UP, MAN!
WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO HOLD THE LINE FOR LONG.
WHAT IS THIS, ARCEE?
YOU—?
I WAS THERE. I SAVED YOUR LIFE WHEN THE CONSTRUCTICONS HAD YOU AT THEIR MERCY.
I KNOW PROWL PUT YOU IN DANGER, BLURR. AND I KNOW WHAT HE DID AFTERWARD.
SLICE

AND I CAN CORROBORATE IT. WHAT HE DID.
DIRGE— THIS IS A TERRIBLE IDEA.
WE BECAME DECEPTICONS FOR A REASON, SWINDLE. AND IT WASN'T TO LET AUTOBOTS KILL AND GET AWAY WITH IT.

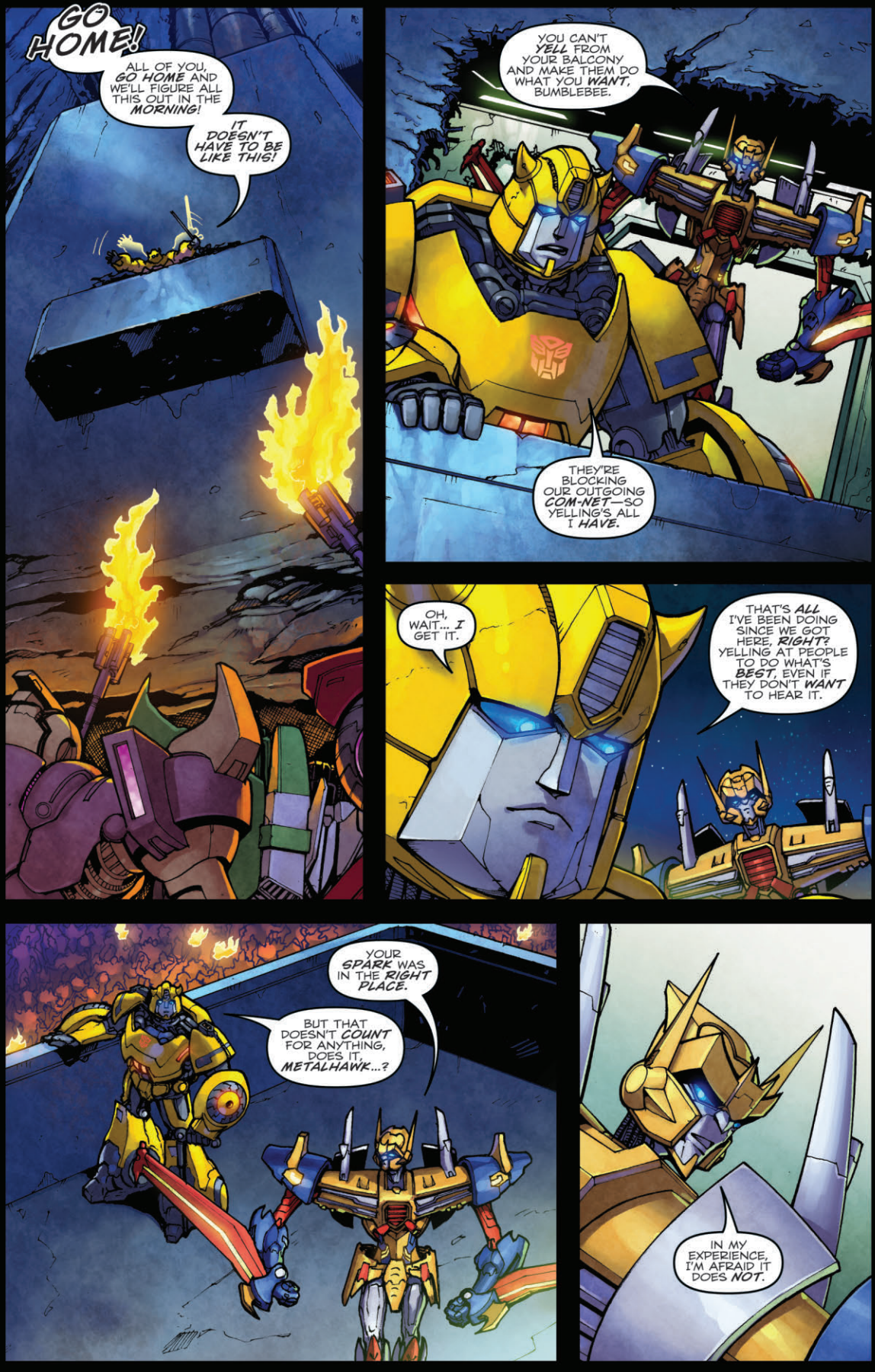
SO YOU WANT ME TO—
TAKE THESE TWO TO BUMBLEBEE.
HE'D NEVER BELIEVE ANYTHING COMING FROM ME. HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I'M ALIVE. ONLY PROWL DOES...

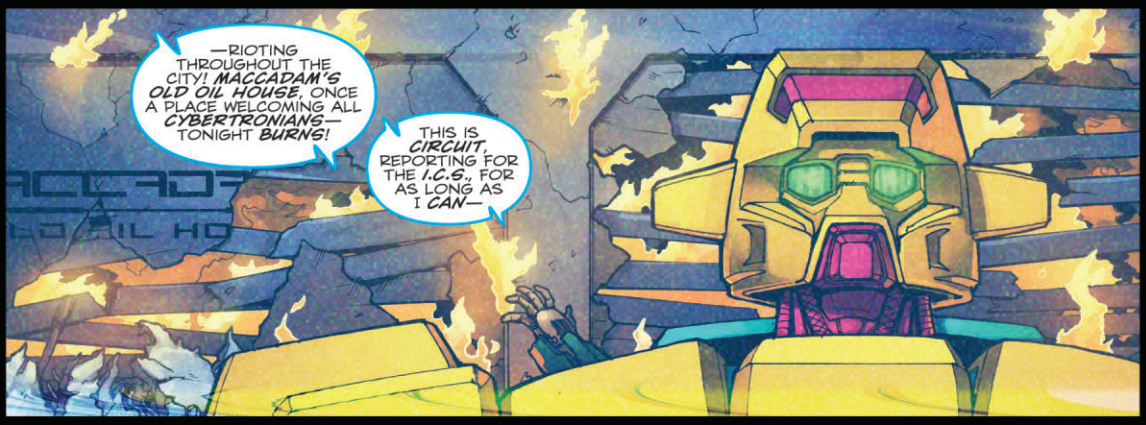
WHAM SCKRAKK
...WELL, AND HIS ALLIES.
HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO GET THROUGH THE DECEPTICONS?
YOU SAID YOU'RE FAST.


AND I'LL OPEN UP A PATH FOR YOU.
SKWITCH
YEAAARGH!
I HAVE SOMEWHERE TO BE. ARE YOU IN OR NOT?

OPEN THE DOOR.

FOLLOW ME...
...AND SHOOT ANYTHING THAT ISN'T PINK.


GO HOME!
ALL OF YOU, GO HOME AND WE'LL FIGURE ALL THIS OUT IN THE MORNING!
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE LIKE THIS!
YOU CAN'T YELL FROM YOUR BALCONY AND MAKE THEM DO WHAT YOU WANT, BUMBLEBEE.
THEY'RE BLOCKING OUR OUTGOING COM-NET—SO YELLING'S ALL I HAVE.
OH, WAIT... I GET IT.
THAT'S ALL I'VE BEEN DOING SINCE WE GOT HERE, RIGHT? YELLING AT PEOPLE TO DO WHAT'S BEST, EVEN IF THEY DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT.
YOUR SPARK WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.
BUT THAT DOESN'T COUNT FOR ANYTHING, DOES IT, METALHAWK...?
IN MY EXPERIENCE, I'M AFRAID IT DOES NOT.

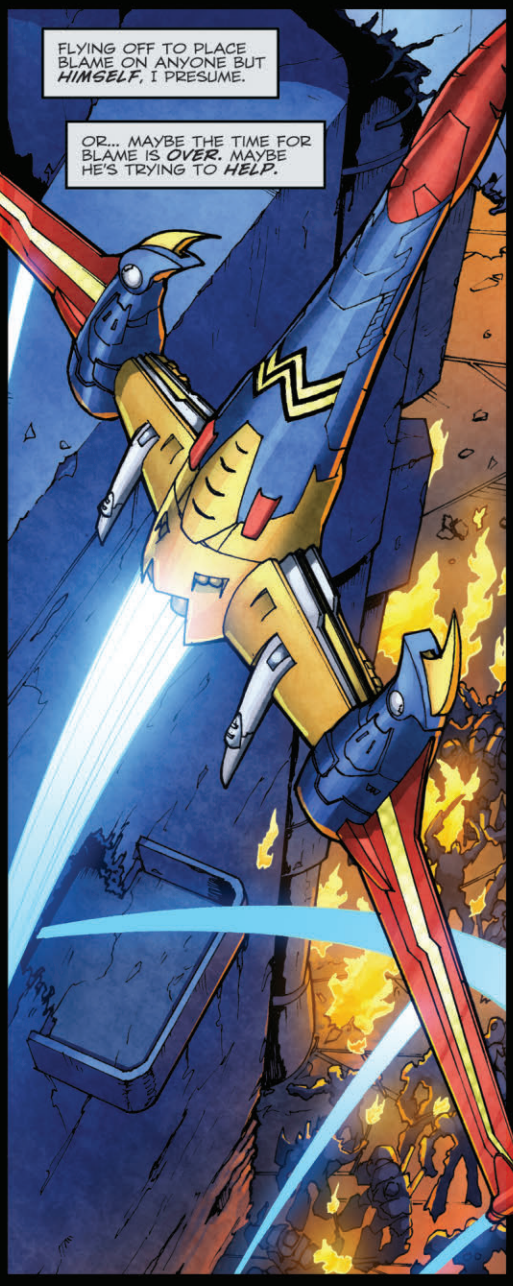

—RIOTING THROUGHOUT THE CITY! MACCADAM'S OLD OIL HOUSE, ONCE A PLACE WELCOMING ALL CYBERTRONIANS—TONIGHT BURNS!
THIS IS CIRCUIT, REPORTING FOR THE I.C.S., FOR AS LONG AS I CAN—

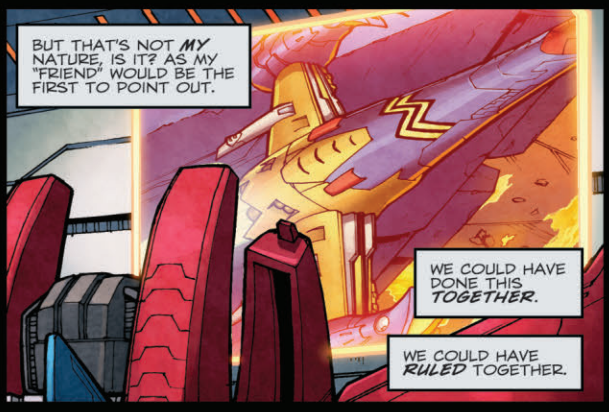
—ON THIS TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE NIGHT!
WE CAN'T LET THE DECEPTICONS TEAR THIS ALL DOWN.
I AGREE. BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO REMAIN IN POWER.

YEAH. YEAH. IF WE CAN GET THROUGH THE NIGHT, I'LL CALL FOR ELECTIONS—IMMEDIATELY.
AND STARSCREAM CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO WIN. IF I'M RIGHT... IF HE DID ENGINEER THIS...
YOU'LL WIN. YOU'VE GOT THE NUMBERS.

EVEN TONIGHT... THE NAILS—THEY OUTNUMBER THIS MOB.

METALHAWK—CIRCUIT WAS BROADCASTING RIGHT OUTSIDE MACCADAM'S.
YOU THINK I CAN—
JUST GO.
METALHAWK, MY "FRIEND."

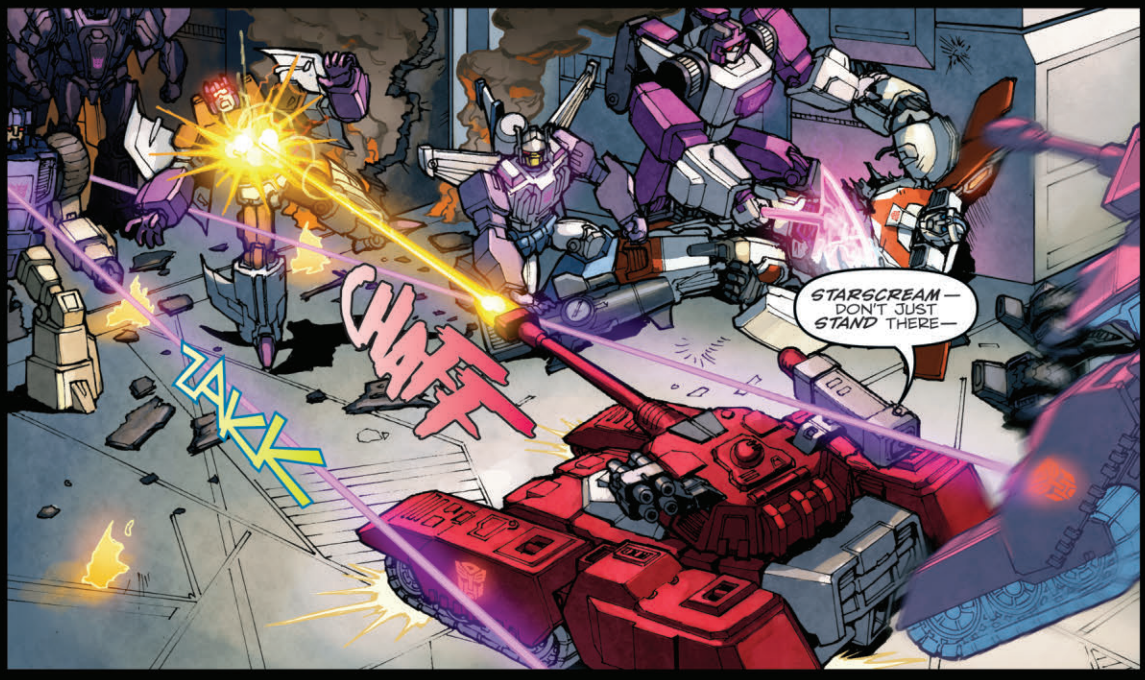

FLYING OFF TO PLACE BLAME ON ANYONE BUT HIMSELF, I PRESUME.
OR... MAYBE THE TIME FOR BLAME IS OVER. MAYBE HE'S TRYING TO HELP.

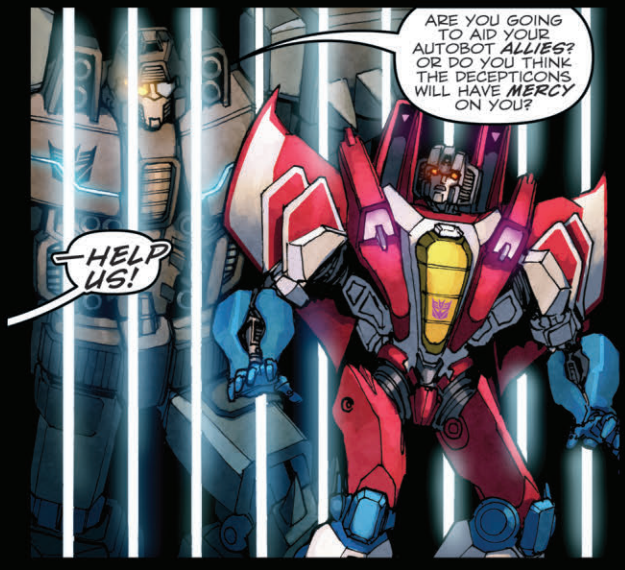

BUT THAT'S NOT MY NATURE, IS IT? AS MY "FRIEND" WOULD BE THE FIRST TO POINT OUT.
WE COULD HAVE DONE THIS TOGETHER.
WE COULD HAVE RULED TOGETHER.

BUT THERE WERE ALWAYS OTHER AMBITIONS.
GET READY. WE CAN'T LET THEM THROUGH. WE HOLD THE PRISON NO MATTER WHAT.
ANY BACKUP COMING FROM DOWNSTAIRS?
HEH. LIKE THE THREE OF US NEED BACKUP?

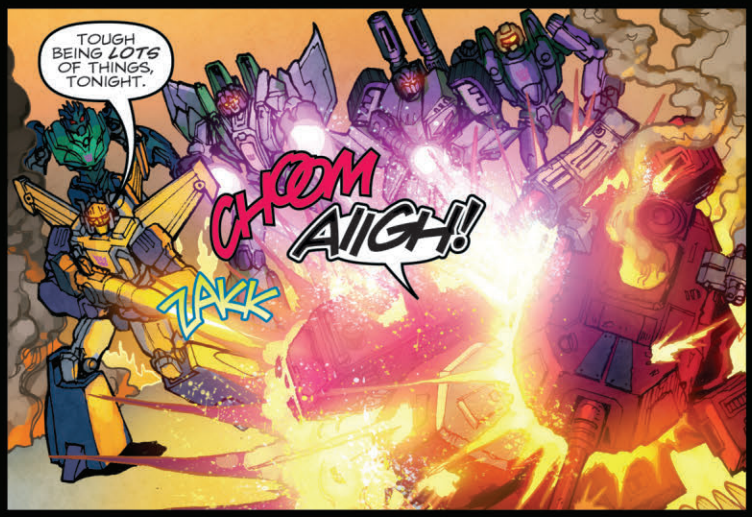
BLUESTREAK, WARPATH...
...IT WAS GOOD KNOWING YOU GUYS.
LET'S JUST HURRY UP AND KILL SOME DECEPTICONS. I GOTTA HIT MACCADAM'S BEFORE LAST CALL.
IT'S JUST POLITICS.

I SUPPOSE ALL OF THIS IS JUST POLITICS.
KA-CHOOM
ZAK
ZAKK
DECEPTICONS, PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS AND WALK AWAY!
YOU CAN STILL—
BRAK BRAK BRAK
COVER ME, I'M GOING TO GET HIM OUT OF THE LINE!
ZAKK
—UGH!
CHAFF
CHAFF
—ARRGH!
I GOT THE SCIENTIST!
CONCENTRATE YOUR FIRE ON WARPATH!


STARSCREAM— DON'T JUST STAND THERE—
CHAFT
ZAKK

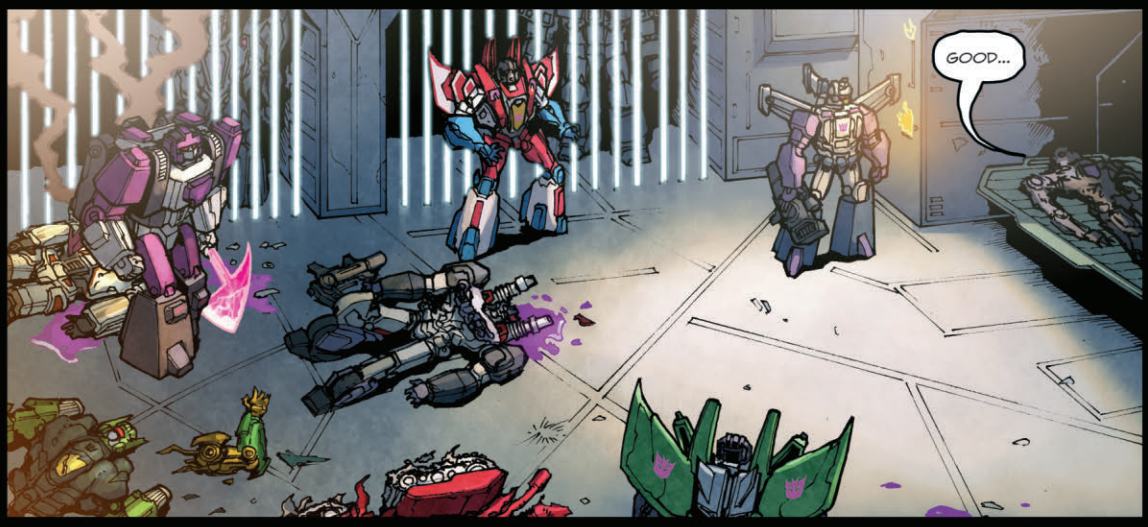

ARE YOU GOING TO AID YOUR AUTOBOT ALLIES? OR DO YOU THINK THE DECEPTICONS WILL HAVE MERCY ON YOU?
—HELP US!

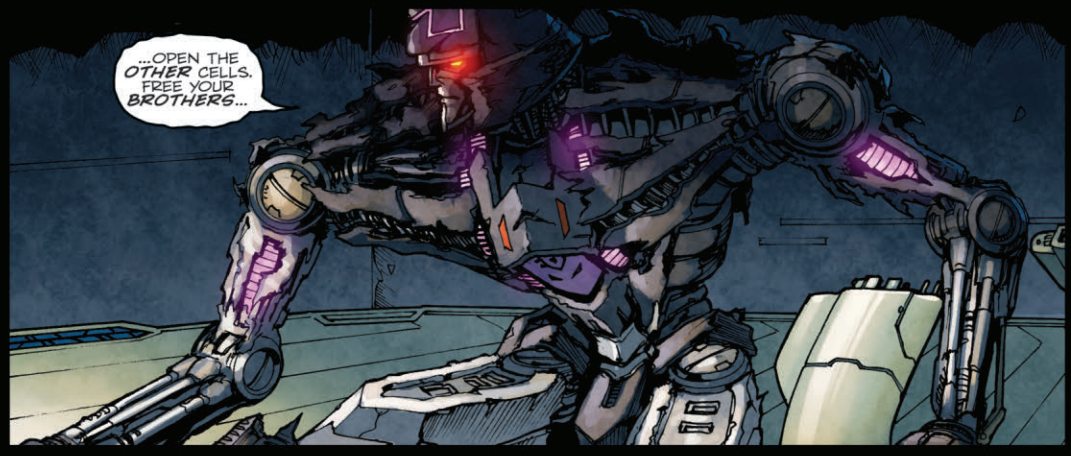
IT MUST BE TOUGH TO BE A COWARD.


TOUGH BEING LOTS OF THINGS, TONIGHT.
CHOOM
AIIGH!
ZAKK

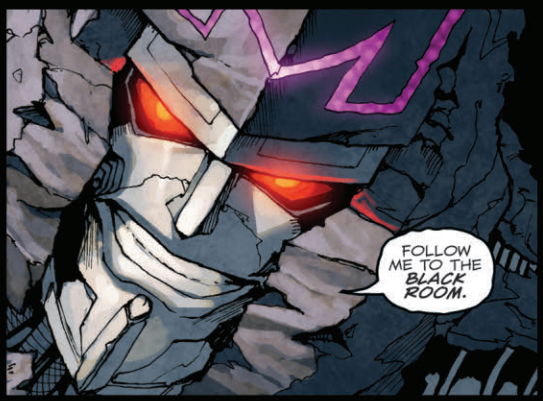
OUT OF MY WAY.

KRASHK

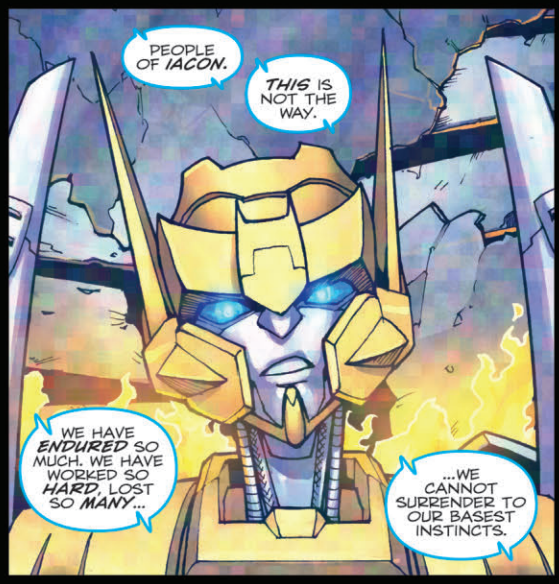

GOOD...


...OPEN THE OTHER CELLS. FREE YOUR BROTHERS...

...AND FOLLOW ME, MY DECEPTICONS.


FOLLOW ME TO THE BLACK ROOM.

OKAY, METALHAWK— YOU'RE ON.
THANK YOU.


PEOPLE OF IACON.
THIS IS NOT THE WAY.
WE HAVE ENDURED SO MUCH. WE HAVE WORKED SO HARD, LOST SO MANY...
...WE CANNOT SURRENDER TO OUR BASEST INSTINCTS.

TONIGHT I STAND WITH BUMBLEBEE AND HIS GOVERNMENT— OUR ONLY HOPE FOR PEACE.
BUT TOMORROW WE WILL HAVE DEMOCRATIC, FREE ELECTIONS.

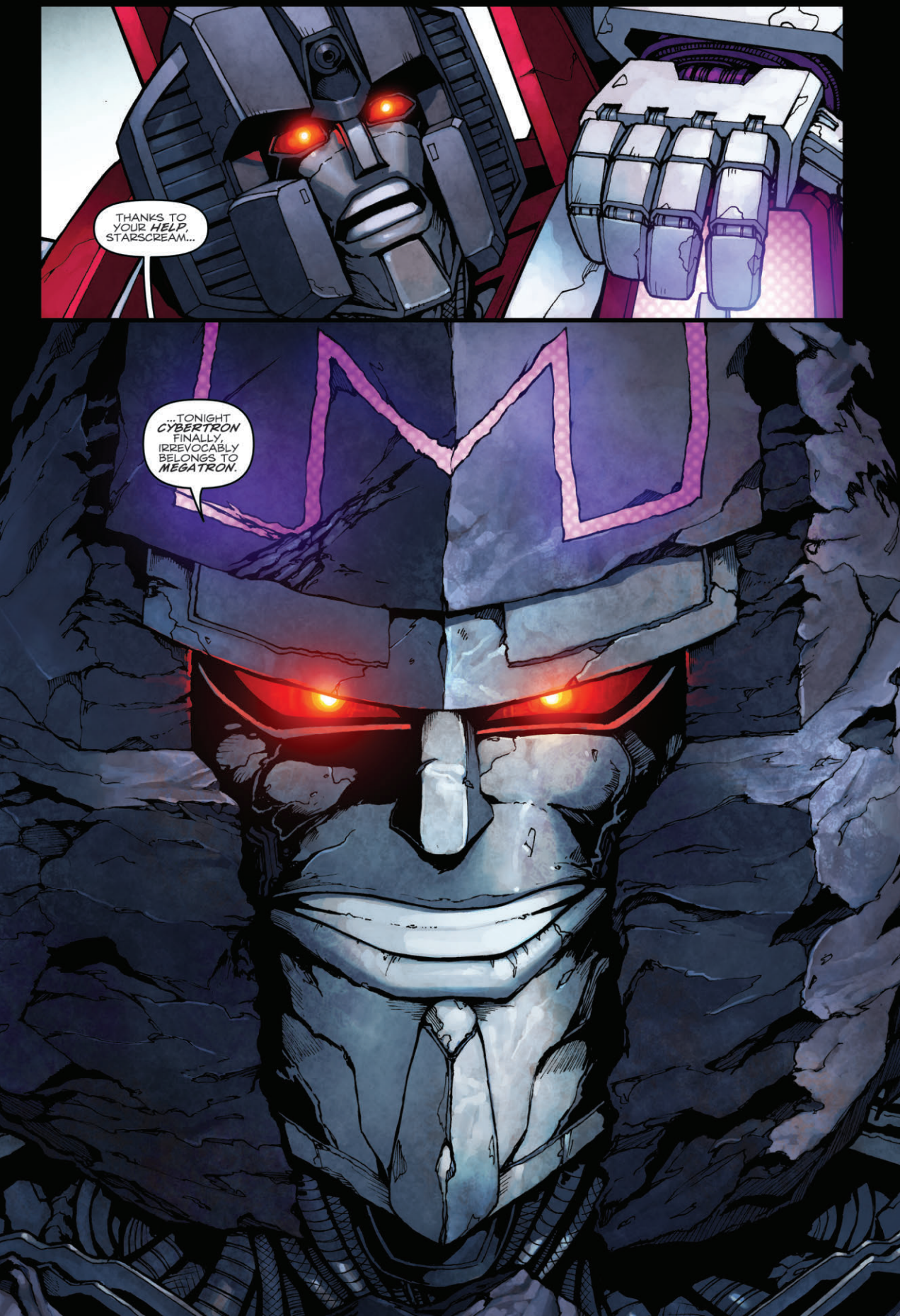
ONE 'BOT, ONE VOTE—TO DETERMINE WHO SHALL SERVE YOU, THE CITIZENS OF CYBERTRON.
YOUR VOICE WILL BE HEARD! I IMPLORE YOU—THERE IS NOTHING TO BE GAINED BY VIOLENCE.

WE CAN ALL STAND TOGETHER AGAINST THE FACTIONALISM THAT AGAIN THREATENS TO RIP US APART.
STAND AGAINST THE ANGER, AGAINST THE HATRED.

OUR WORLD WAS RAVAGED BY THOSE EMOTIONS, BUT WE WERE GRANTED A SECOND CHANCE.
TOGETHER WE WORKED TO REBUILD CYBERTRON—AND OUR EFFORTS, OUR SACRIFICES...

...DO NOT HAVE TO END LIKE THIS.
MAYBE IT DOES HAVE TO END LIKE THIS.
MAYBE WE ARE FATED TO PLAY OUT THE SAME STORY, OVER AND OVER, EON AFTER EON.
MAYBE WE WERE FOOLISH TO TRY TO CHANGE ANYTHING.
AH. A WARM WELCOME AT LAST.
NO MATTER WHAT YOU THINK YOU'VE ACCOMPLISHED, WHAT YOU...
...WHAT YOU...
...NO...
NO.

OH, YES, STARSCREAM.
OH YES.


THANKS TO YOUR HELP, STARSCREAM...
...TONIGHT CYBERTRON FINALLY, IRREVOCABLY BELONGS TO MEGATRON.

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #13 COVER B

by **CASEY W. COLLER** Colors by **JOANA LAFUENTE**

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #14 COVER A

by **ANDREW GRIFFITH** COLORS BY **JOSH PEREZ**

THIS IS CIRCUIT FOR THE IACONIAN NEWS SERVICE, SPEAKING TO THE HERO OF THIS TERRIBLE NIGHT.
METALHAWK—HOW DO YOU THINK YOUR IMPASSIONED SPEECH WILL AFFECT THE COMING ELECTION?
THE—WHAT? THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT. NOT NOW.
HAWK OUTSIDE THE REMAINS OF MA INS
WHAT MATTERS IS THAT CYBERTRONIANS HAVE CALMED DOWN AND RETURNED HOME. TOMORROW, WE CAN START AGAIN—
—WORKING TOGETHER AND—
WHAT?! YEAH—WE'RE ON OUR WAY.
SORRY, 'HAWK—WE GOT A BIGGER STORY.
HT—BREAKING NEWS! JAILBREAK AT T INS
HUH.
BEEP
BUMBLEBEE TO METALHAWK. ARE YOU THERE?
YES—WHAT'S HAPPENING?

STARSCREAM WAS AT THE PRISON, WITH AN AUTOBOT SECURITY TEAM. THE DECEPTICON MOB MOVED IN AND—AND WE'VE LOST CONTACT.
MEGATRON—IF HE'S JOINED WITH STARSCREAM...
IT'S WAY WORSE THAN THAT.
HEY, BEE, LOOK WHO TURNED UP.
WHAT ARE YOU—
IT'S NOT STARSCREAM. IT'S PROWL.
PROWL'S BEEN BEHIND THIS FROM THE BEGINNING—AND DIRGE, HERE, HAS PROOF.
HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY, BLURR?
WHATEVER HIS SHORTCOMINGS, NOBODY'S A MORE LOYAL AUTOBOT THAN PROWL.
I MEAN, I CAN'T CONCEIVE OF WHY YOU'D BELIEVE ANY DECEPTICONS, BUT DIRGE AND—AND SWINDLE?!

SEE? THIS IS ALL WE'RE GONNA GET...
SHUT UP, SWINDLE. THIS IS MY MOMENT.

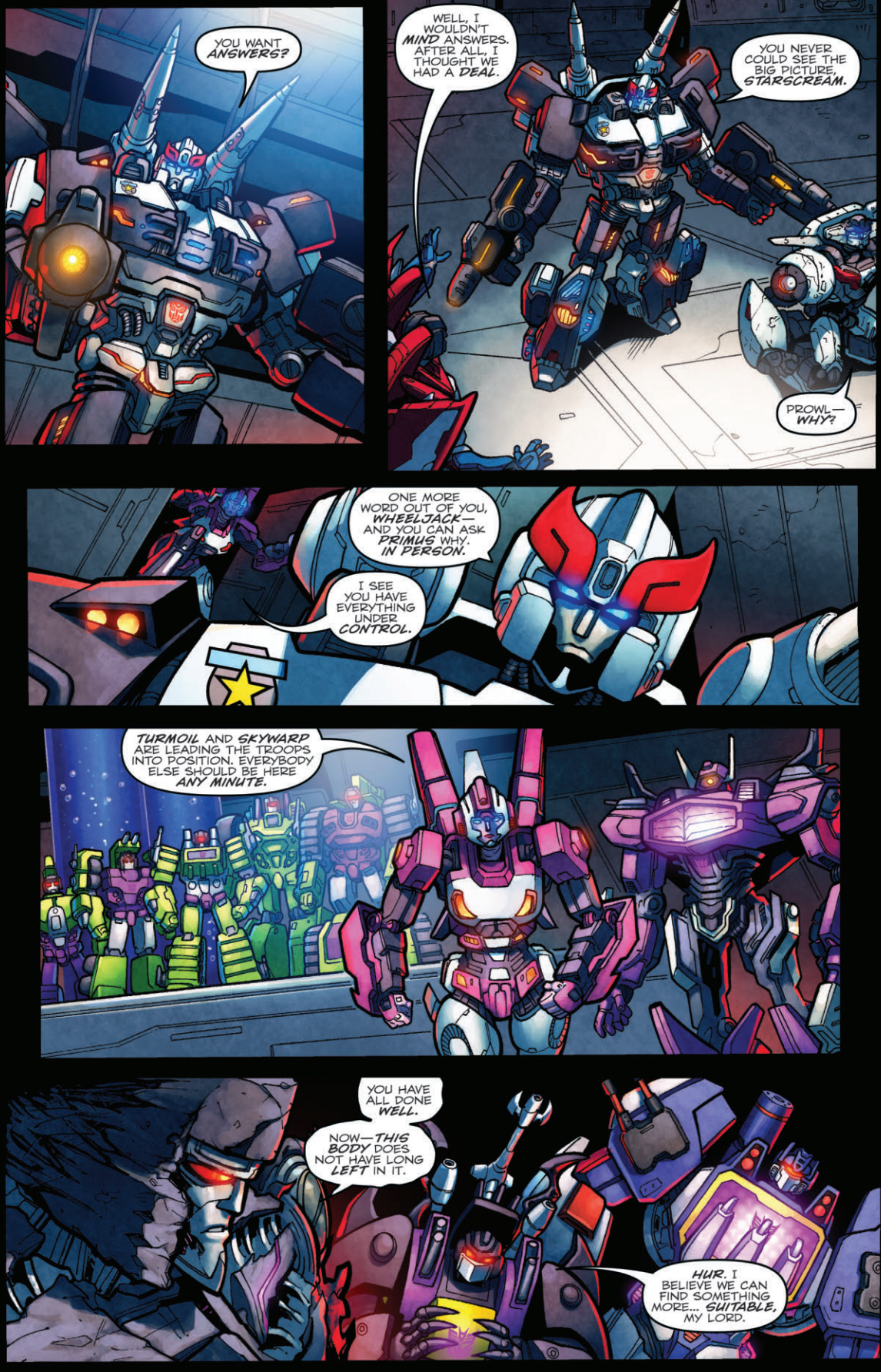
PROWL'S BEEN RUNNING HIS OWN SECRET WAR SINCE HE HAD RATBAT KILLED. BUT NOW—NOW IT'S GOTTEN BIGGER.
HE'S WORKING WITH MEGATRON.
THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE. PROWL HATES DECEPTICONS.

BUMBLEBEE—LOOK AROUND! HE TRIED USING DECEPTICONS AS A POLICE FORCE!
HE DOES SEEM TO HATE NAILS* EVEN MORE. HE, I DON'T KNOW, HE MIGHT NOT WANT TO SEE US ALL TURN INTO A SOCIETY OF NAILS.
NOT THAT I BLAME HIM.
*NON-AFFILIATED INDIGENOUS LIFE-FORMS.

THAT DOESN'T MAKE THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF SENSE.
BUT IT'S HAPPENING ANYWAY.

BROADSIDE—CAN YOU—
PROWL'S NOT RESPONDING.
AND HIS QUARTERS... BUMBLEBEE, THERE'S NO SIGNAL AT ALL. IT'S A DEAD ZONE—NO CAMERAS, NOTHING.

METALHAWK—
I'M COMING WITH YOU. I'D LIKE ANSWERS.
YEAH, FAIR ENOUGH. WE ALL DO.


YOU WANT ANSWERS?
WELL, I WOULDN'T MIND ANSWERS. AFTER ALL, I THOUGHT WE HAD A DEAL.
YOU NEVER COULD SEE THE BIG PICTURE, STARSCREAM.
PROWL— WHY?
ONE MORE WORD OUT OF YOU, WHEELJACK— AND YOU CAN ASK PRIMUS WHY. IN PERSON.
I SEE YOU HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL.
TURMOIL AND SKYWARD ARE LEADING THE TROOPS INTO POSITION. EVERYBODY ELSE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE.
YOU HAVE ALL DONE WELL.
NOW— THIS BODY DOES NOT HAVE LONG LEFT IN IT.
HUR. I BELIEVE WE CAN FIND SOMETHING MORE... SUITABLE, MY LORD.

I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING ABOUT THIS.
YEAH, WELL, THERE'S NOT MUCH TO LIKE ABOUT WALKING INTO A TRAP.

IT'S NOT A TRAP IF WE KNOW IT'S A TRAP.
THAT'S ONE THING I LEARNED FROM OPTIMUS PRIME.

A FASCINATING INSIGHT INTO BOTH YOUR PSYCHES.
ANY PROBLEM GETTING HERE, METALHAWK?

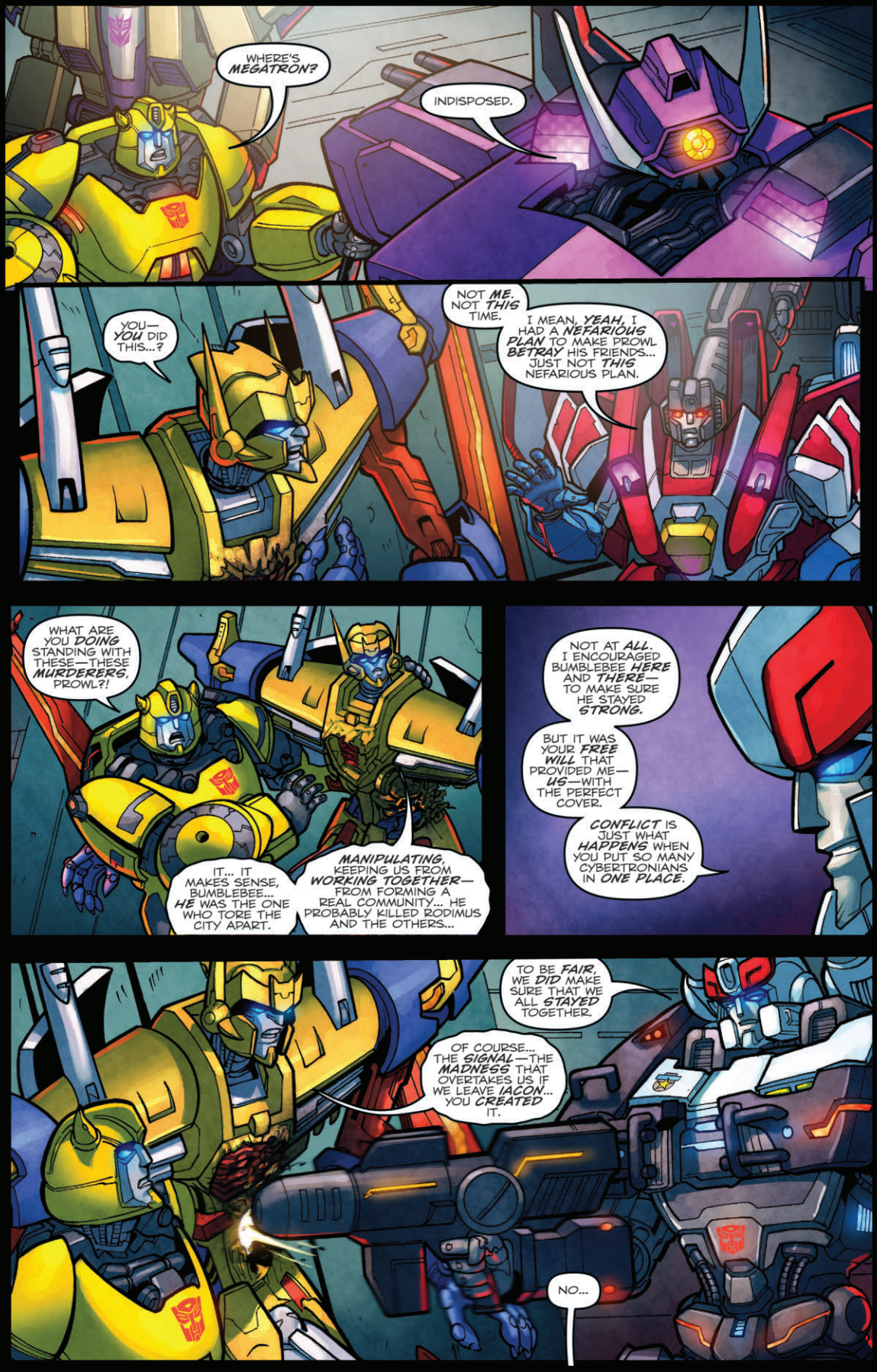
NO. SUSPICIOUSLY ENOUGH, NONE AT ALL.
I SAW SKY-BYTE AND JAZZ, HELPING THE INJURED TO THE MED-CENTER.
TO YOUR AUTOBOT'S CREDIT, THEY WERE FAR FROM ALONE.

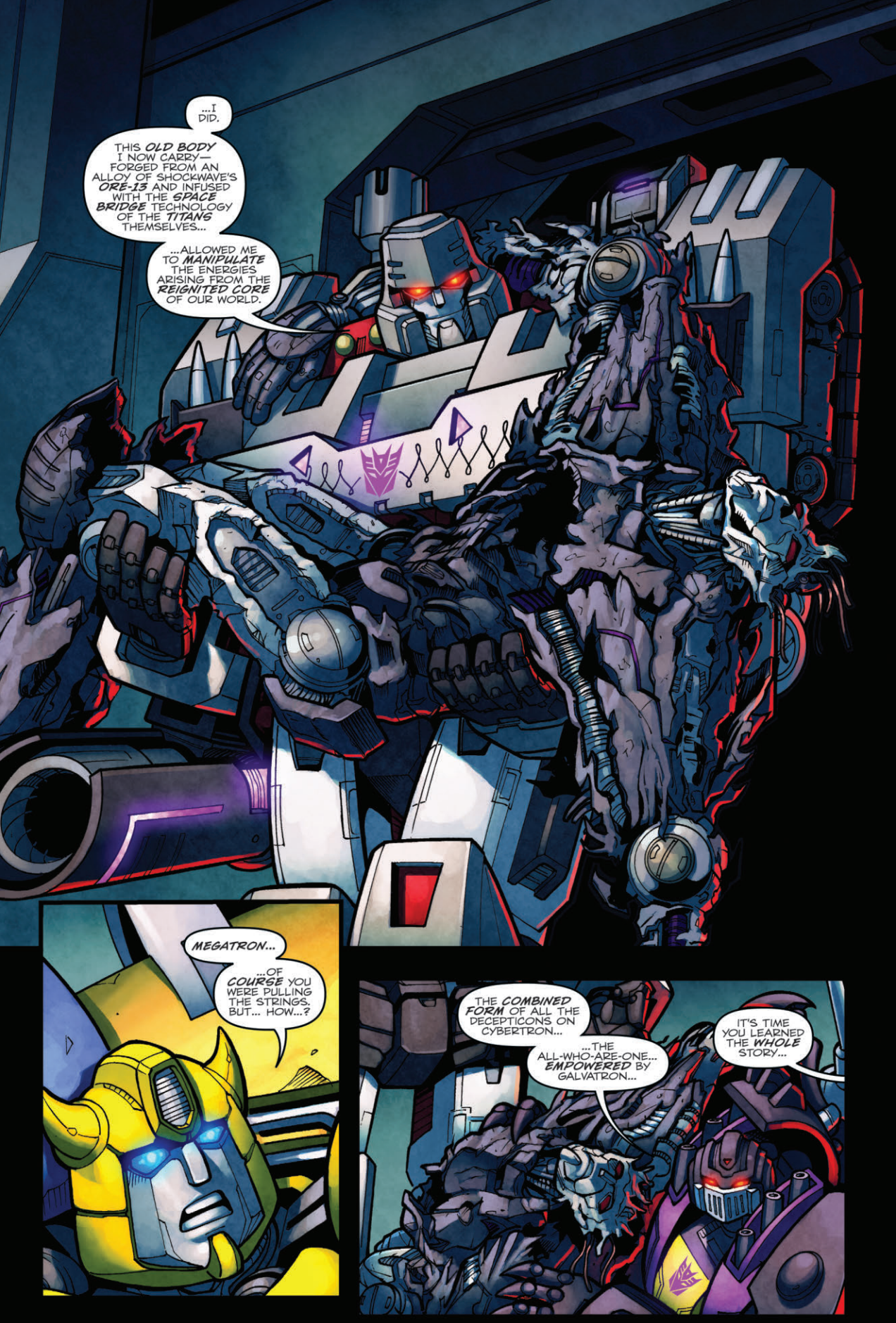
UH. YEAH, THAT'S WHAT WE DO. BUT THE DECEPTICONS...
SHOULD BE PRESSING THE ADVANTAGE. SO WHY AREN'T THEY...?

SKRA-CRATSSH
WHA—
RAAHGH!
AGHH!
TZARKK
GRAB HIM!
THIS WAY, BEE!

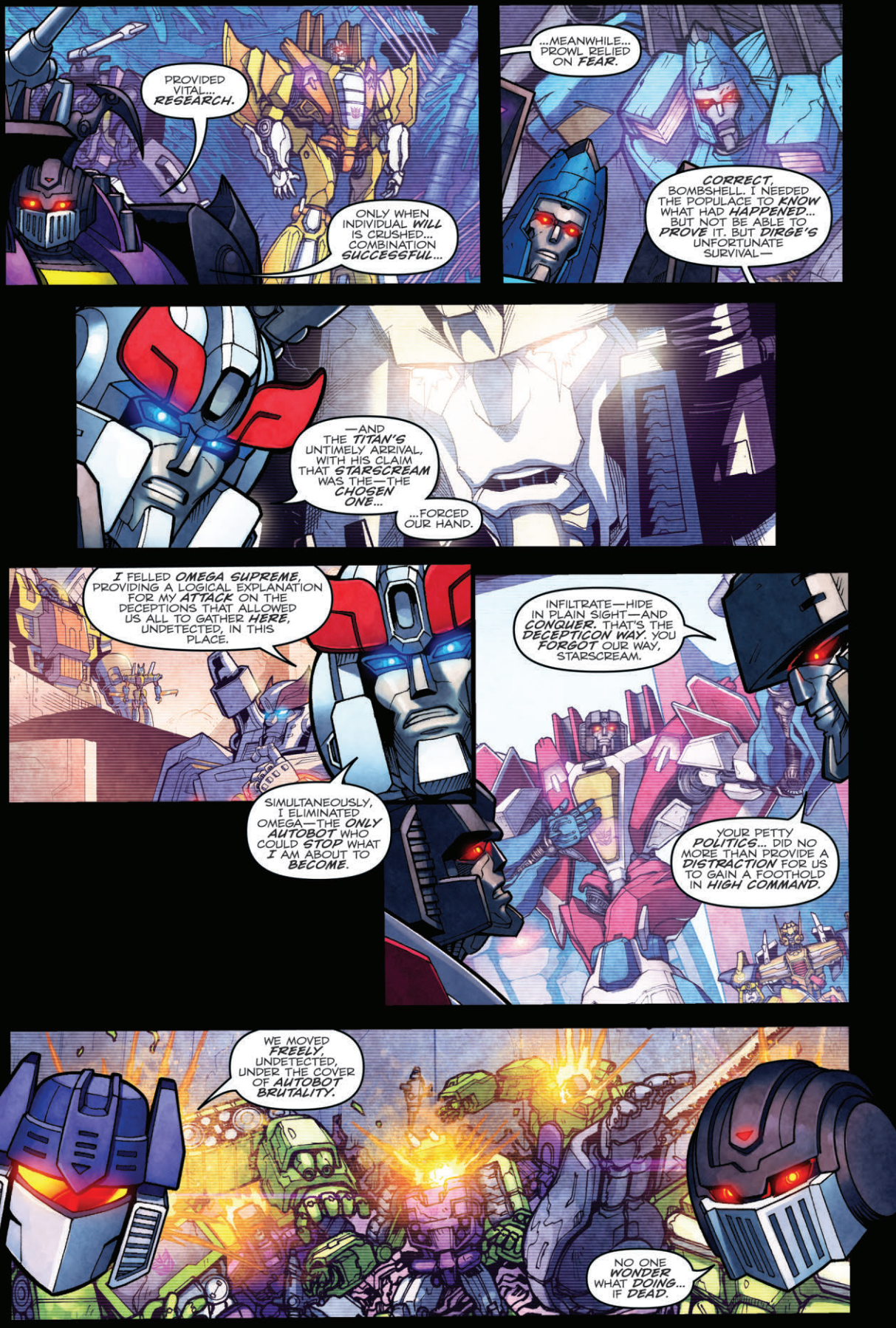
CHOOM CHOOM
AHH! DAMMIT!
THROUGH HERE!
WHAT WAS THAT?! WAS THAT ASTROTRAIN?!
HE DIED WHEN THE DECEPTICON PEN BLEW UP!
METALHAWK, STAY WITH ME.
I'M OKAY... WHERE...
AW.
HELLO, BEE...
...WELCOME TO THE BLACK ROOM.
BUMBLEBEE—
—REMEMBER WHAT'S MOST IMPORTANT—

CHOOD
—IT'S—
YOU NEVER LISTENED, WHEELJACK.
I TOLD YOU I'D DO THAT.
NO!
PROWL—HOW COULD YOU?!
THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF ALL OF YOU.
YOU—YOU ALL DIED!
SOMEWHAT... EXAGGERATED, REPORTS WERE.

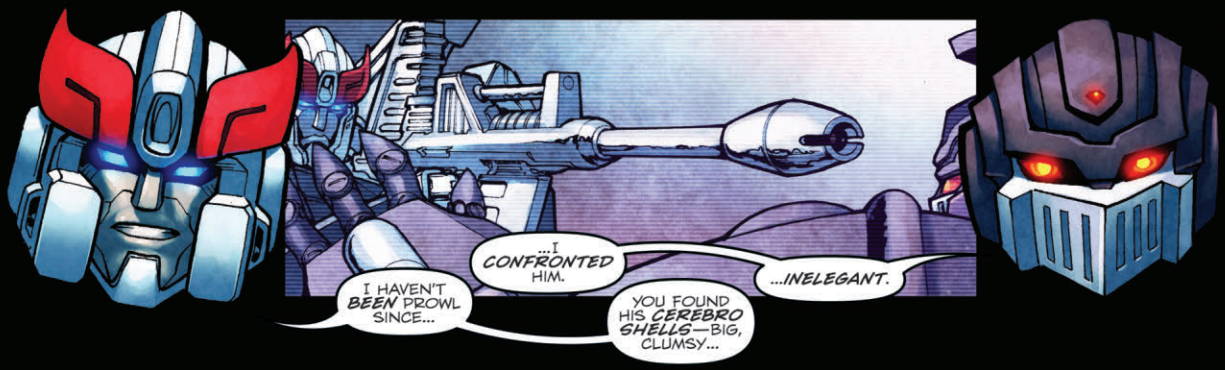

WHERE'S MEGATRON?
INDISPOSED.
YOU— YOU DID THIS...?
NOT ME. NOT THIS TIME.
I MEAN, YEAH, I HAD A NEFARIOUS PLAN TO MAKE PROWL BETRAY HIS FRIENDS... JUST NOT THIS NEFARIOUS PLAN.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING STANDING WITH THESE—THESE MURDERERS, PROWL?!
IT... IT MAKES SENSE, BUMBLEBEE... HE WAS THE ONE WHO TORE THE CITY APART.
MANIPULATING, KEEPING US FROM WORKING TOGETHER— FROM FORMING A REAL COMMUNITY... HE PROBABLY KILLED RODIMUS AND THE OTHERS...
NOT AT ALL. I ENCOURAGED BUMBLEBEE HERE AND THERE— TO MAKE SURE HE STAYED STRONG.
BUT IT WAS YOUR FREE WILL THAT PROVIDED ME— US—WITH THE PERFECT COVER.
CONFLICT IS JUST WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU PUT SO MANY CYBERTRONIANS IN ONE PLACE.
TO BE FAIR, WE DID MAKE SURE THAT WE ALL STAYED TOGETHER.
OF COURSE... THE SIGNAL—THE MADNESS THAT OVERTAKES US IF WE LEAVE IACON... YOU CREATED IT.
NO...

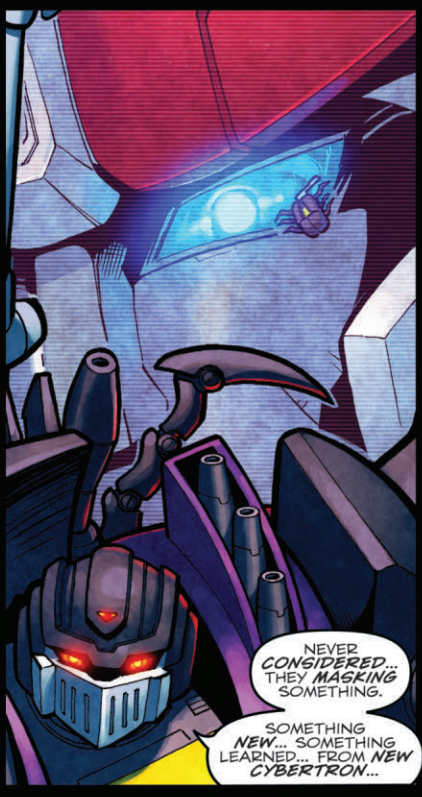

...I DID.
THIS OLD BODY I NOW CARRY— FORGED FROM AN ALLOY OF SHOCKWAVE'S ORE-13 AND INFUSED WITH THE SPACE BRIDGE TECHNOLOGY OF THE TITANS THEMSELVES...
...ALLOWED ME TO MANIPULATE THE ENERGIES ARISING FROM THE REIGNITED CORE OF OUR WORLD.
MEGATRON...
...OF COURSE YOU WERE PULLING THE STRINGS. BUT... HOW...?
THE COMBINED FORM OF ALL THE DECEPTICONS ON CYBERTRON...
...THE ALL-WHO-ARE-ONE... EMPOWERED BY GALVATRON...
IT'S TIME YOU LEARNED THE WHOLE STORY...

...THE CREATURE'S ENERGY WAS PART OF CYBERTRON, BEFORE AND AFTER THE CHAOS EVENT.
IT PRESENTED TO ME A SOLUTION TO THE CENTRAL PROBLEM OF COMBINING MULTIPLE CYBERTRONIANS: THE PROBLEM OF FREEDOM.
WHEN HE BUILT THE ORIGINAL GESTALT, MY TEACHER, JHIAXUS, LOBOTOMIZED ITS COMPONENTS. YET, STILL THEIR MINDS BATTLED ONE ANOTHER. STILL THEY WENT INSANE.
BOMBSHELL AND I IMPLEMENTED THIS TECHNOLOGY ON THE CONSTRUCTICONS, CREATING A FAR MORE POWERFUL GESTALT.
WE JUST GOT A LIKE MIND FOR DEVASTATION.
SIX LIKE MINDS.
WELL, FIVE SINCE SCRAPPER GOT ACED.
SUCH UNITY OF PURPOSE IS UNCOMMONLY RARE. SUBSEQUENT ATTEMPTS—
—SUCH AS SWINDLE'S ILL-FATED STUNTICON JOB—
—PROVED FRUITLESS. BUT MEGATRON'S DISCOVERY CREATED AN OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY THE GESTALT PHENOMENON IN NATURE... AS IT WERE.
I COUNTED ON YOUR INABILITY TO HOLD YOUR FORCES TOGETHER, BUMBLEBEE.
THE FIRST TO LEAVE WERE YOUR AERIALBOTS.
I WATCHED THEM STRUGGLE... AND EVENTUALLY COMBINE.
AS EXPECTED, THE PROCESS DROVE THEM MAD. AND THOSE YOU SENT AFTER—IRONHIDE AND THE DINOBOTS—FARED EVEN WORSE.
THEIR EGOS PROVED FAR TOO STRONG TO BE SUBSUMED. THEY ARE QUITE DEAD, NOW... BUT THE INFORMATION WE LEARNED...


PROVIDED VITAL... RESEARCH.
ONLY WHEN INDIVIDUAL WILL IS CRUSHED... COMBINATION SUCCESSFUL...
...MEANWHILE... PROWL RELIED ON FEAR.
CORRECT, BOMBSHELL. I NEEDED THE POPULACE TO KNOW WHAT HAD HAPPENED... BUT NOT BE ABLE TO PROVE IT. BUT DIRGE'S UNFORTUNATE SURVIVAL—
—AND THE TITAN'S UNTIMELY ARRIVAL, WITH HIS CLAIM THAT STARSCREAM WAS THE—THE CHOSEN ONE...
...FORCED OUR HAND.
I FELLED OMEGA SUPREME, PROVIDING A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR MY ATTACK ON THE DECEPTIONS THAT ALLOWED US ALL TO GATHER HERE, UNDETECTED, IN THIS PLACE.
SIMULTANEOUSLY, I ELIMINATED OMEGA—THE ONLY AUTOBOT WHO COULD STOP WHAT I AM ABOUT TO BECOME.
INFILTRATE—HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT—AND CONQUER. THAT'S THE DECEPTICON WAY. YOU FORGOT OUR WAY, STARSCREAM.
YOUR PETTY POLITICS... DID NO MORE THAN PROVIDE A DISTRACTION FOR US TO GAIN A FOOTHOLD IN HIGH COMMAND.
WE MOVED FREELY, UNDETECTED, UNDER THE COVER OF AUTOBOT BRUTALITY.
NO ONE WONDER WHAT DOING... IF DEAD.

BUT PROWL— WHY?
YOU—YOU OF ALL 'BOTS. SIDING WITH THE DECEPTICONS...
YOU REALLY ARE AS STUPID AS PROWL THINKS YOU ARE.
WHAT?
I'M NOT PROWL.


I HAVEN'T BEEN PROWL SINCE...
...I CONFRONTED HIM.
YOU FOUND HIS CEREBRO SHELLS—BIG, CLUMSY...
...INELEGANT.


NEVER CONSIDERED... THEY MASKING SOMETHING.
SOMETHING NEW... SOMETHING LEARNED... FROM NEW CYBERTRON...

I FOUND PROWL'S MIND... READY FOR MANIPULATION... ALREADY DAMAGED MEMORIES... EASY TO ACCESS...
MY MIND IS AN OPEN DATAPAD.
MY EVERY ACTION IS BOMBSHELL'S.
VOICE... MANNERISMS... INTELLECT...

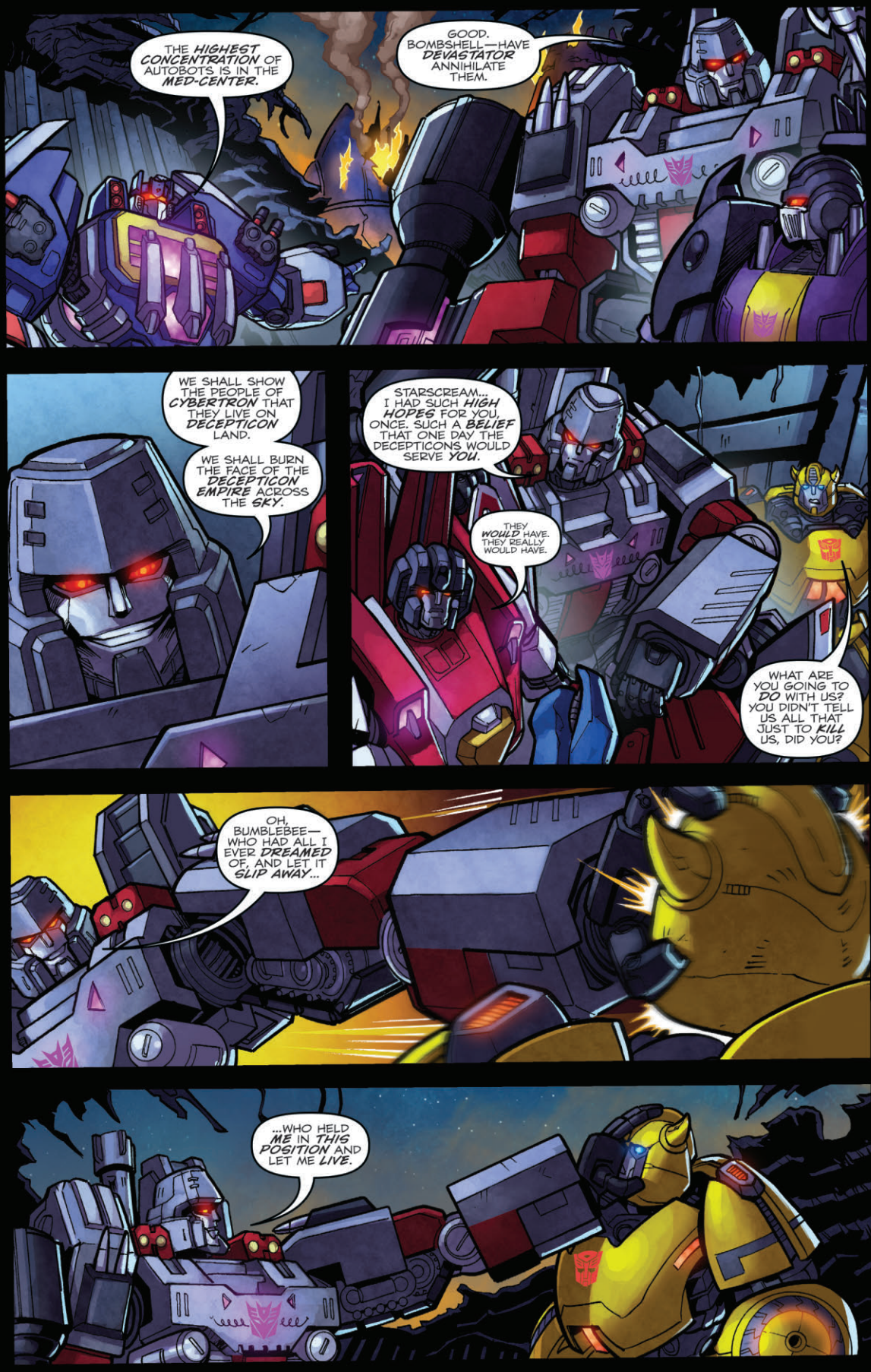
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SAY GOODBYE TO PROWL?
HE'S OUTLIVED HIS USEFULNESS AS AN ENTRY POINT. NOW HE'LL BECOME A KEY COMPONENT OF THE NEXT GENERATION OF DECEPTICON WARRIOR.
VICIOUS. MERCILESS...
...AND UNDER COMPLETE CONTROL.
UNNNHH...
PROWL— I—
BEE... IT WASN'T... WASN'T ME...
...HOW COULD YOU NOT... SEE THAT...?
I...
CONSTRUCTICONS. PROWL. ALL OF YOU...

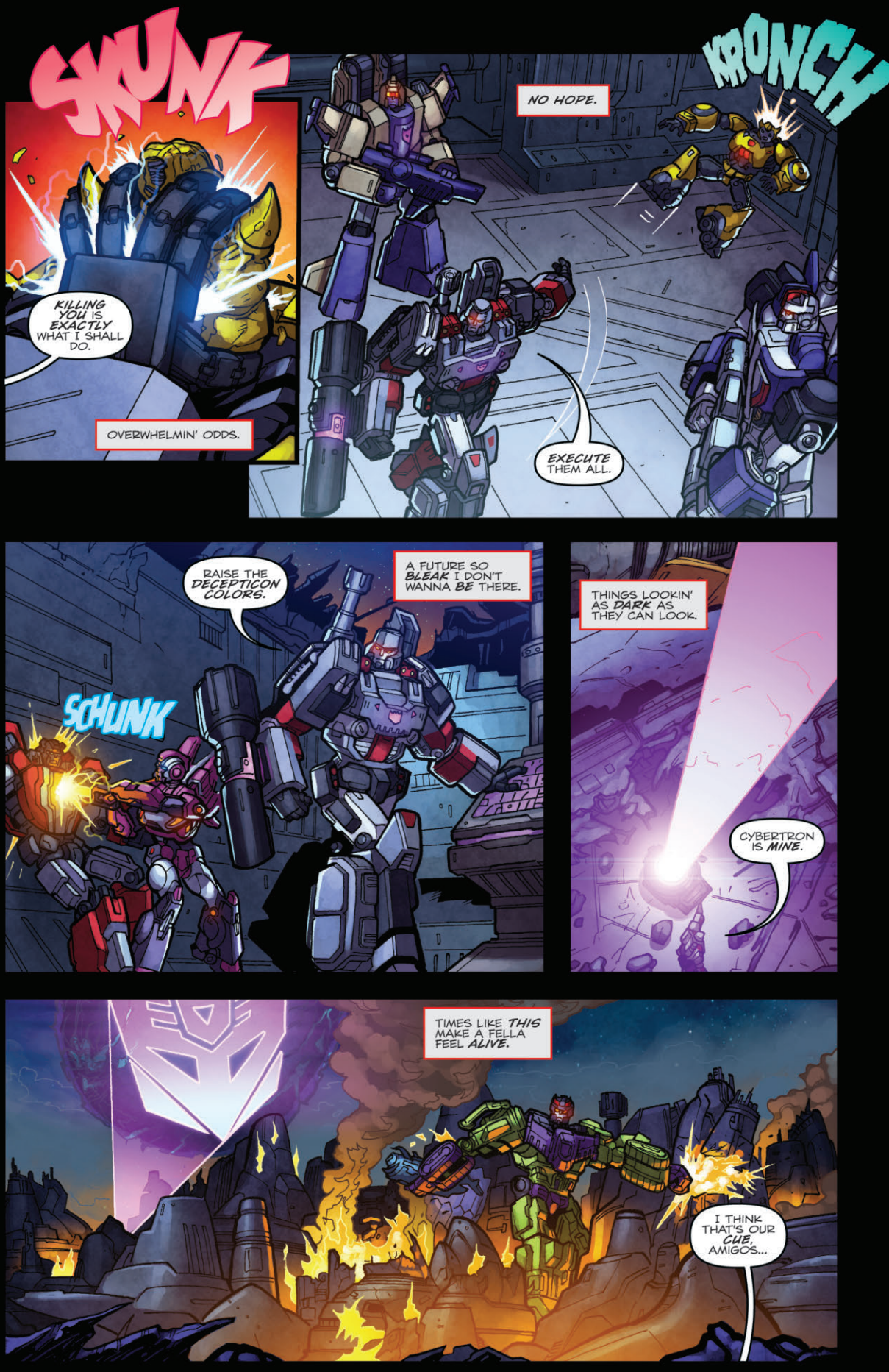
...BECOME ONE.
YAAAGH!
GRAAAHHH—
NOW—

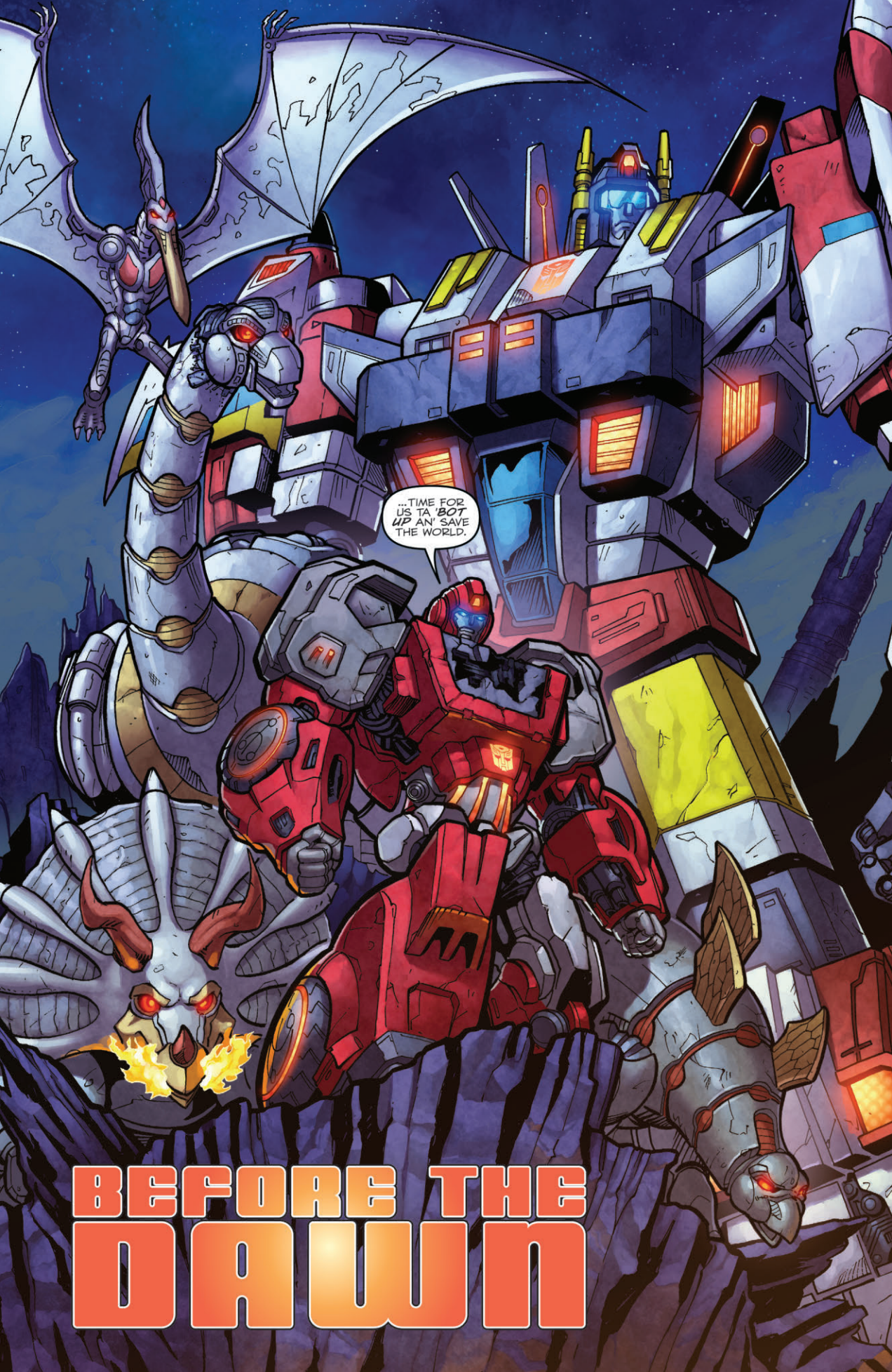
—DEVASTATE.

BROADSIDE HERE—WHAT IS IT?
SEISMOGRAPHS ARE GOING OFF THE SCALE! FIXIT'S ALREADY GOT TOO MANY WOUNDED...
...HE CAN'T HANDLE A PLANET-QUAKE!
I NEED TO TALK TO BUMBLEBEE—I NEED MORE SECURITY, AND I NEED WHEELJACK TO FIND OUT WHAT'S—
HOLD ON!
I'LL GET SOME EYES ON THE SCENE.
SKY HIGH—YOU SEEING ANYTHING GOING ON OUT THERE?
HOLY AFTERSPARK, BROADSIDE—GET OUT, NOW!
WHAT—?
KKRACHKK

RAAGHG!
TURMOIL TO MEGATRON...
...WE'RE READY TO SECURE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE CITY, ONCE YOU'VE MADE YOUR EXAMPLE.


THE HIGHEST CONCENTRATION OF AUTOBOTS IS IN THE MED-CENTER.
GOOD. BOMBSHELL—HAVE DEVASTATOR ANNIHILATE THEM.
WE SHALL SHOW THE PEOPLE OF CYBERTRON THAT THEY LIVE ON DECEPTICON LAND.
WE SHALL BURN THE FACE OF THE DECEPTICON EMPIRE ACROSS THE SKY.
STARSCREAM... I HAD SUCH HIGH HOPES FOR YOU, ONCE. SUCH A BELIEF THAT ONE DAY THE DECEPTICONS WOULD SERVE YOU.
THEY WOULD HAVE. THEY REALLY WOULD HAVE.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US? YOU DIDN'T TELL US ALL THAT JUST TO KILL US, DID YOU?
OH, BUMBLEBEE— WHO HAD ALL I EVER DREAMED OF, AND LET IT SLIP AWAY...
...WHO HELD ME IN THIS POSITION AND LET ME LIVE.


SKUNK
KRONCH
KILLING YOU IS EXACTLY WHAT I SHALL DO.
OVERWHELMIN' ODDS.
NO HOPE.
EXECUTE THEM ALL.
RAISE THE DECEPTICON COLORS.
A FUTURE SO BLEAK I DON'T WANNA BE THERE.
SCHUNK
THINGS LOOKIN' AS DARK AS THEY CAN LOOK.
CYBERTRON IS MINE.
TIMES LIKE THIS MAKE A FELLA FEEL ALIVE.
I THINK THAT'S OUR CUE, AMIGOS...


...TIME FOR US TA 'BOT UP AN' SAVE THE WORLD.
BEFORE THE DAWN

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #14 COVER B

by **CASEY W. COLLER** Colors by **JOANA LAFUENTE**

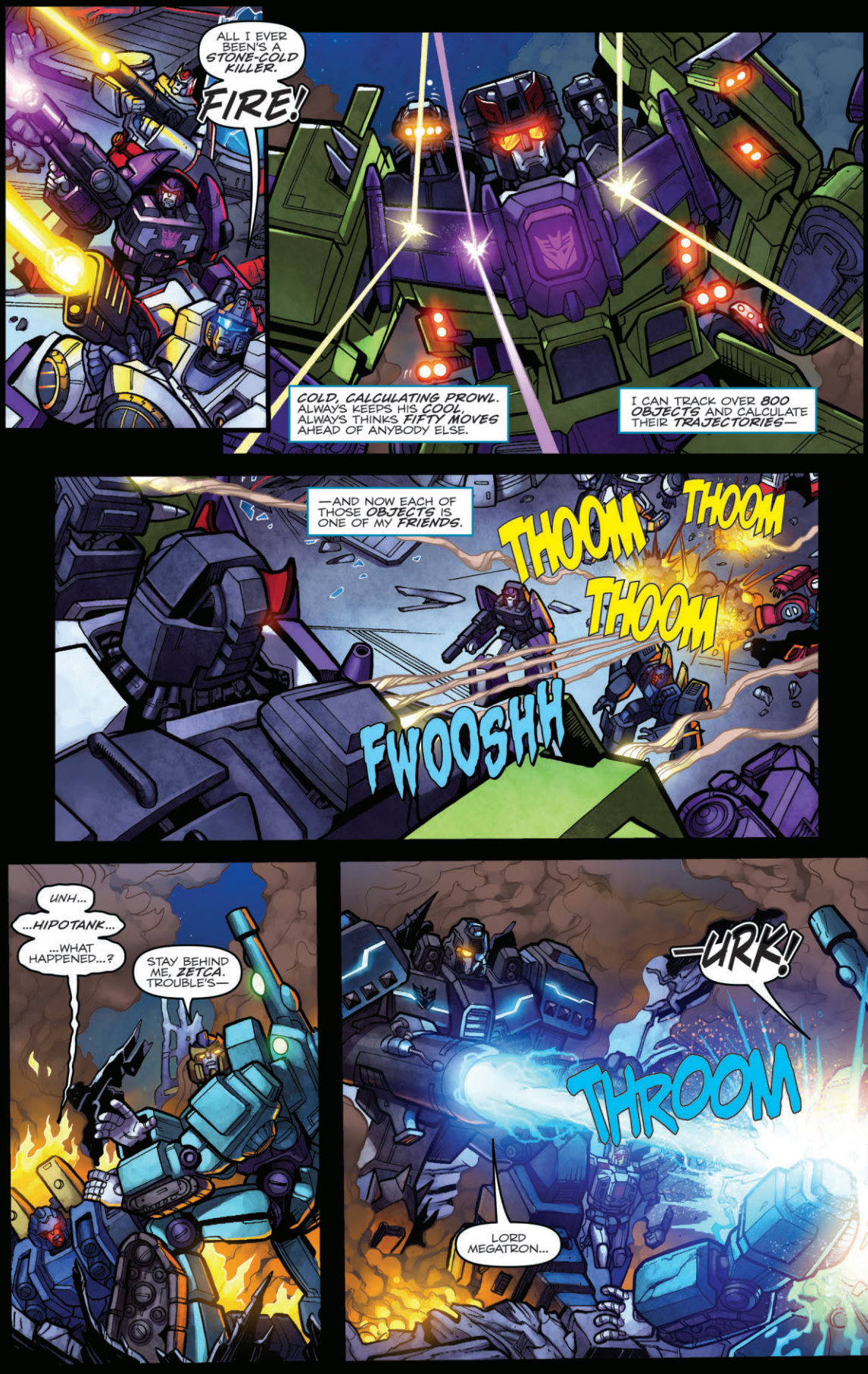
☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #15 COVER A

by **ANDREW GRIFFITH** COLORS BY **JOANA LAFUENTE**

BROADSIDE—BROADSIDE, DO YOU READ ME?
DAMN FOOL, GETTING DISTRACTED AT A TIME LIKE THIS.
SCATTERSHOT, GIVE ME A STATUS REPORT.
JUST GETTING AN UPDATE...
...48 INJURED AUTOBOTS, ABOUT 60 NAILS. A FEW DECEPTICONS, TOO. SHOULD I PRIORITIZE—
PRIORITIZE BY SERIOUSNESS OF INJURY.
YOU GOT—
FIXIT!
WE GOTTA GET EVERYBODY OUTTA HERE, MAN!
NNNNHH...
JAZZ—TAKE THINGS ONE AT A TIME! HOW'S MIRAGE? DAMN FOOL SAID HE WAS GOING TO TRY TO SNEAK—
RRR-1PPPP
NO TIME FOR ONE AT A TIME. WE GOTTA GET OUR GUYS—
—CLEAR.

DEVASTATE.
I AM PROWL.
I AM.
ANYBODY THAT'S ARMED—HOLD THE LINE!
I EXPECTED EVERY EVENTUALITY. THAT'S NOT JUST WHAT I TOLD MYSELF—IT'S WHAT EVERYONE TOLD EVERYONE.
BUT REALITY PROVED I MISSED ONE THING.
FIXIT, SKY-BYTE—YOU GET THE WOUNDED AS FAR AWAY AS YOU CAN AN' DON'T LOOK BACK!

SOMEWHERE IN THIS MASS-DISPLACED KILLING MACHINE—I AM PROWL, I AM AN AUTOBOT...
...AND I CANNOT CONTROL MYSELF.
BUT I CAN FINALLY SEE EVERYTHING. THAT'S THE BRUTAL IRONY.
PLAN FOR EVERY THING
I'M STAYING WITH YOU, JAZZ! PARTNERS ON-STAGE, PARTNERS IN COMBAT!
AND WHEN THE LITERALLY UNTHINKABLE OCCURRED...
...I HAD TO WATCH EVERYTHING THEY MADE ME DO.
SKY, THE INJURED NEED YOU MORE THAN I DO. AND FACE FACTS, YOU'RE A REAL POET—BUT ME?


ALL I EVER BEEN'S A STONE-COLD KILLER.
FIRE!
COLD, CALCULATING PROWL. ALWAYS KEEPS HIS COOL, ALWAYS THINKS FIFTY MOVES AHEAD OF ANYBODY ELSE.
I CAN TRACK OVER 800 OBJECTS AND CALCULATE THEIR TRAJECTORIES—
—AND NOW EACH OF THOSE OBJECTS IS ONE OF MY FRIENDS.
THOOM
THOOM
THOOM
FWOOSHH
UNH...
...HIPOTANK...
...WHAT HAPPENED...?
STAY BEHIND ME, ZETCA. TROUBLE'S—
—URK!
THROOM
LORD MEGATRON...

...THE MED-CENTER HAS FALLEN.
WELL. THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG.
SECURE THE CITY, TURMOIL. AND... USE YOUR DISCRETION IN REGARDS TO SURRENDERING AUTOBOTS.
I BELIEVE I SHALL KILL THEM, MY LORD.
I'VE CERTAINLY HEARD WORSE PLANS.
Y— -:TZZZK:- —YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET AWAY WITH THIS.
OPTIMUS PRIME WILL COME BACK. HE'LL DESTROY YOU, EVEN IF WE ALL FALL.
"GET AWAY WITH THIS" INDEED, LITTLE BUMBLEBEE. DID I CRUSH YOUR CLICHÉ INHIBITOR ALONG WITH YOUR FACE?
HE'S TAKEN TO CALLING HIMSELF ORION PAX AGAIN, HASN'T HE?
EVEN NOW, SHOCKWAVE IS IN COMMUNICATION WITH HIS TEACHER, JHIAXUS, WHO GOADS ORION INTO DOING OUR BIDDING.
IS THAT NOT CORRECT...
...SHOCKWAVE...?
ER.
LIKELY, SHOCKWAVE HAS GONE TO ASSIST TURMOIL'S SOLDIERS, MY LORD. REGARDLESS...

"...HE PERSONALLY HAS ASSURED ME OUR ULTIMATE VICTORY HAS BEEN FORETOLD."
DO YOU SURRENDER, AUTOBOT?
I—I—
NO MATTER.
THROOM
THROW YOURSELVES UPON THE MERCY OF THE REBORN DECEPTICON EMPIRE!
COWER NOT LIKE ARDURIAN ROCS—MEET YOUR FATE LIKE CYBERTRONIANS!
IACON IS OURS. CYBERTRON IS OURS—
—NOW AND FOREVER.
TURMOIL, EVEN YOU CAN'T KILL THE FACTS—THIS PLANET BELONGS TO EVERYBODY.
AN' THERE'S ALWAYS GONNA BE SOMEBODY—
ENOUGH.
WE'VE HEARD ENOUGH, AND I DO NOT WISH TO OVERHEAT MY CANNON, NEEDLENOSE.
MY PLEASURE, SIR.

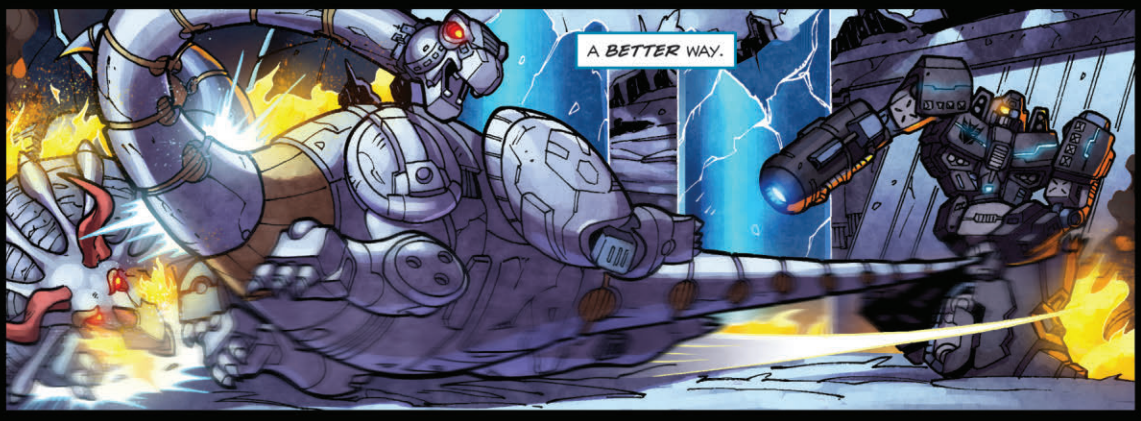
AHHH!
CHOOMP
I BEEN BIT!
DECEPTICONS—WE'RE NOT ALONE!
WANCH
NEVER WERE.
NEVER WILL BE.
C'MON, PAL. WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE.
AW, MAN. THAT VOICE IS MUSIC TO MY AUDIO RECEPTORS.
'BOUT TIME YOU CAME HOME, IRONHIDE.
WHAT ABOUT THAT GUY?
YOU GOT A PLAN FOR HANDLIN' DEVASTATOR?
DON'T WORRY. I BROUGHT A LITTLE SOMETHIN'.

WELL, NOT *THAT* LITTLE.
I *NEVER* WANTED WAR, I *NEVER* WANTED TO FIGHT.
WAR IS *CHAOS*, AND I AM AN AGENT OF *ORDER*.
THIS CHANGES *NOTHING!* CYBERTRON IS *OURS!*
I WANTED TO STOP *CRIMINALS*. TO *STOP KILLERS*.

CYBERTRON... OURS...
THEN I FOUND MYSELF IN A WORLD WHERE *EVERYONE* WAS A KILLER. A CRIMINAL.
THE *BLACK* AND *WHITE* I WORE—WAS CONFRONTED BY AN ENDLESS SEA OF *GRAY*.
SMUNCH
BUT I *EXCELLED*. LIKE *ALWAYS*, I EXCELLED IN THIS NEW WORLD.
I *USED* MY FELLOW AUTOBOTS. THEY WERE MY TOOLS. MY *DEVICES*.
CYBERTRON... SUPERION'S...
NOT YOURS, AUTOBOT.
NEVER YOURS.
IT WASN'T THAT I SAW MYSELF AS ABOVE THEM... WE ALL HAD OUR FUNCTIONS, AND THAT WAS ALL THAT MATTERED IN THIS GRAY MORASS.

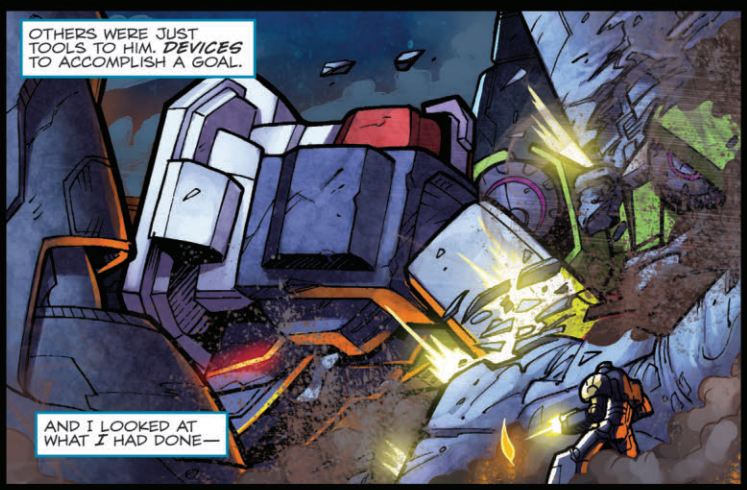
WHEN I ARRIVED ON EARTH, I SAW SOMETHING... MORE. IT WASN'T GRAY, THIS WORLD.
IT WAS COLORS.
ALL COLORS, WORKING TOGETHER, FORMING INTO ONE BEAUTIFUL, HORRIFIC, CHAOTIC WHOLE.

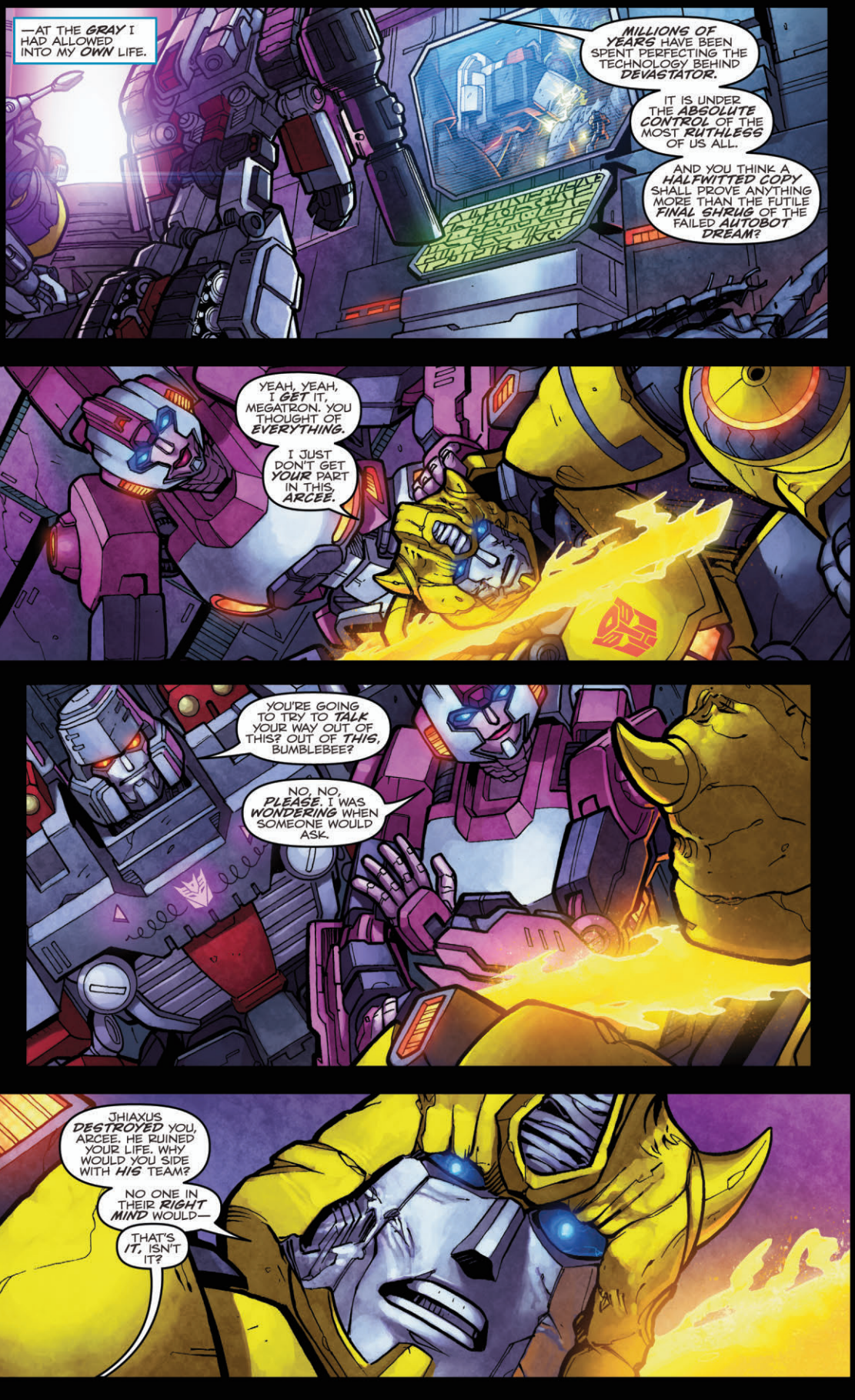
I SAW A NEW WAY TO *LIVE*.


A *BETTER* WAY.

UNTIL I MET A HUMAN NAMED *SPIKE WITWICKY*.
LUCKY PUNCH.

ONLY GET *ONE*.
SPIKE REMINDED ME OF THE *TERRIBLE POTENTIAL* CONTAINED WITHIN ALL LIVING CREATURES.


OTHERS WERE JUST TOOLS TO HIM. *DEVICES* TO ACCOMPLISH A GOAL.
AND I LOOKED AT WHAT *I* HAD DONE—

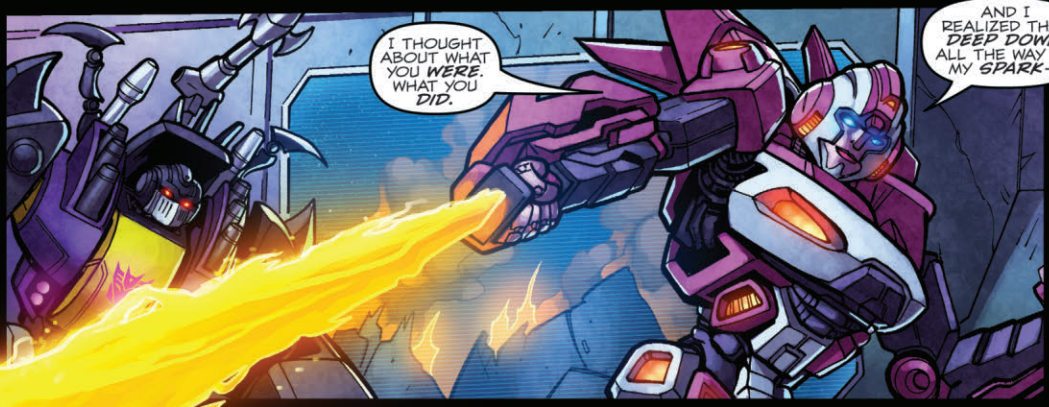

—AT THE GRAY I HAD ALLOWED INTO MY OWN LIFE.
MILLIONS OF YEARS HAVE BEEN SPENT PERFECTING THE TECHNOLOGY BEHIND DEVASTATOR.
IT IS UNDER THE ABSOLUTE CONTROL OF THE MOST RUTHLESS OF US ALL.
AND YOU THINK A HALFWITTED COPY SHALL PROVE ANYTHING MORE THAN THE FUTILE FINAL SHRUG OF THE FAILED AUTOBOT DREAM?
YEAH, YEAH, I GET IT, MEGATRON. YOU THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING.
I JUST DON'T GET YOUR PART IN THIS, ARCEE.
YOU'RE GOING TO TRY TO TALK YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS? OUT OF THIS, BUMBLEBEE?
NO, NO, PLEASE. I WAS WONDERING WHEN SOMEONE WOULD ASK.
JHIAXUS DESTROYED YOU, ARCEE. HE RUINED YOUR LIFE. WHY WOULD YOU SIDE WITH HIS TEAM?
NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD—
THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT?

YOU THINK I'M CRAZY.

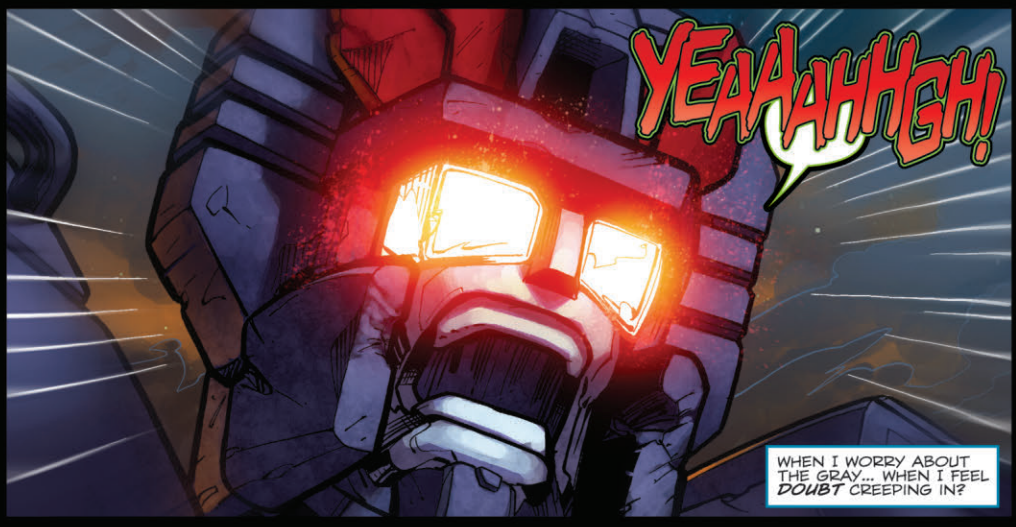
THE THOUGHT HAD CROSSED MY MIND.

I WAS TRAPPED WITH JHIAXUS IN SOME KIND OF MAGIC CAVE THAT KEPT HIM ALIVE. SO I TOOK THE OPPORTUNITY TO KILL HIM OVER AND OVER.
FOR YEARS.
I KILLED HIM IN EVERY WAY I CAN IMAGINE—AND I CAN IMAGINE A LOT OF WAYS.
I HAD TIME TO THINK. ABOUT THE WORLD, AND ABOUT MYSELF.

I'M NOT CRAZY.
AND WITH THAT IN MIND, WITH THAT SELF-AWARENESS, I THOUGHT ABOUT YOUR AUTOBOTS AND DECEPTICONS IN A WAY THAT I HADN'T BEFORE.

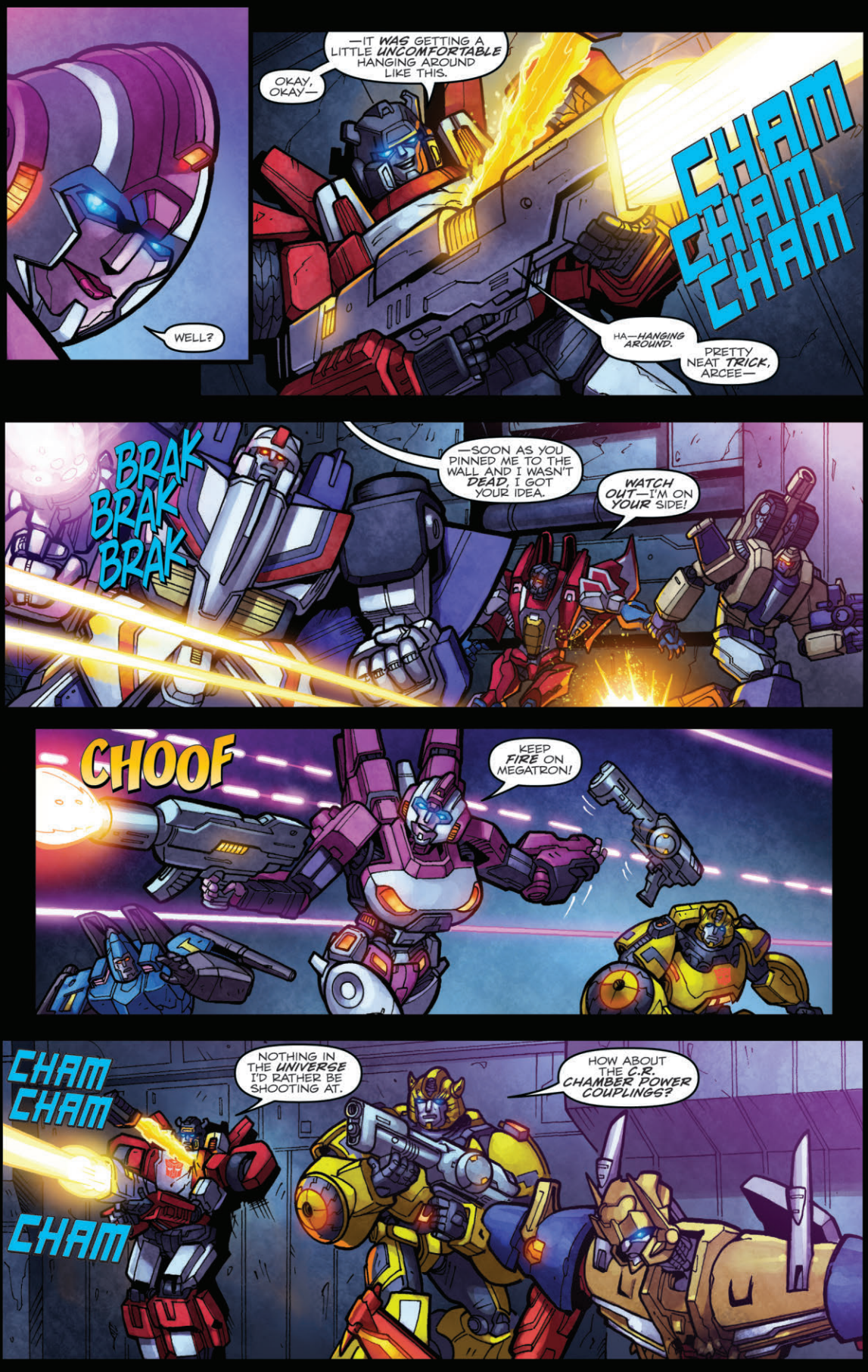

I THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT YOU WERE. WHAT YOU DID.
AND I REALIZED THAT DEEP DOWN, ALL THE WAY TO MY SPARK—

HURK—?
—I REALLY, *REALLY* HATE DECEPTICONS.
SHANK


YEAAAHHGH!
WHEN I WORRY ABOUT THE GRAY... WHEN I FEEL *DOUBT* CREEPING IN?

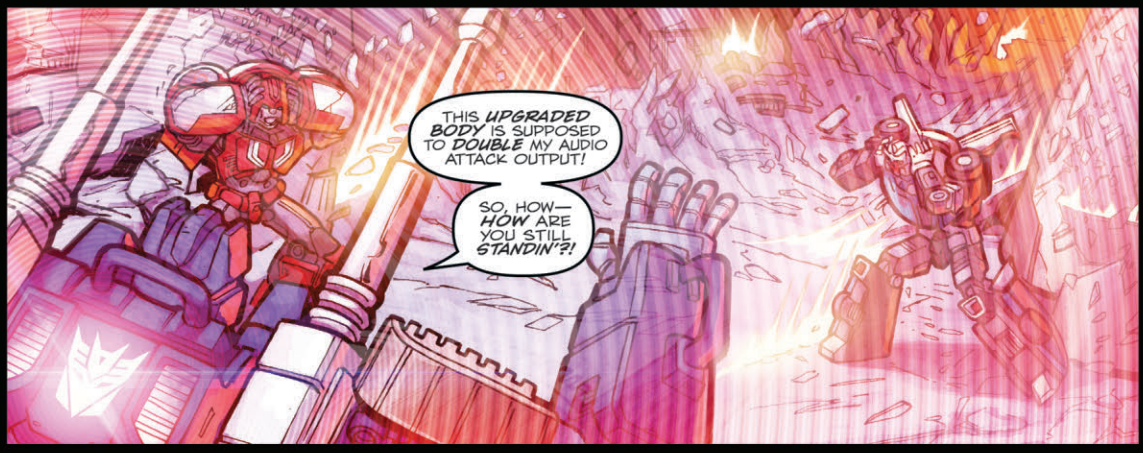
REALLY.
CHUCK

I THINK...
...THINK ABOUT...
...ABOU...

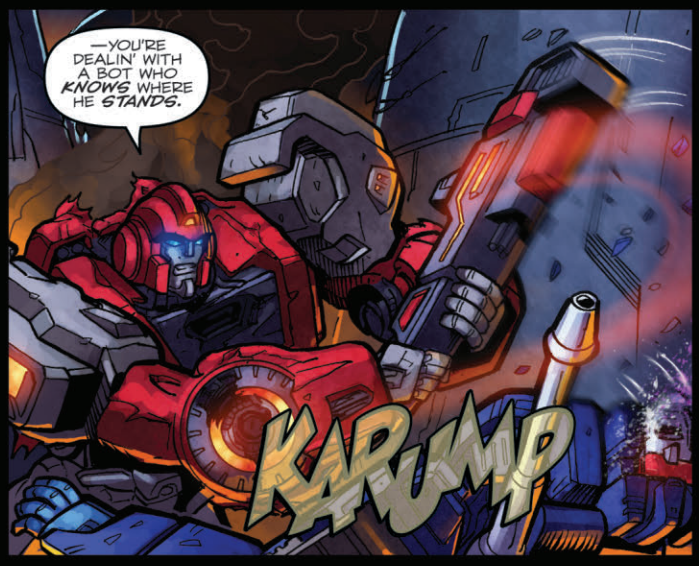

WELL?
OKAY, OKAY—
—IT WAS GETTING A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE HANGING AROUND LIKE THIS.
CHAM CHAM CHAM
HA—HANGING AROUND.
PRETTY NEAT TRICK, ARCEE—
BRAK BRAK BRAK
—SOON AS YOU PINNED ME TO THE WALL AND I WASN'T DEAD, I GOT YOUR IDEA.
WATCH OUT—I'M ON YOUR SIDE!
CHOOF
KEEP FIRE ON MEGATRON!
CHAM CHAM CHAM
NOTHING IN THE UNIVERSE I'D RATHER BE SHOOTING AT.
HOW ABOUT THE C.R. CHAMBER POWER COUPLINGS?

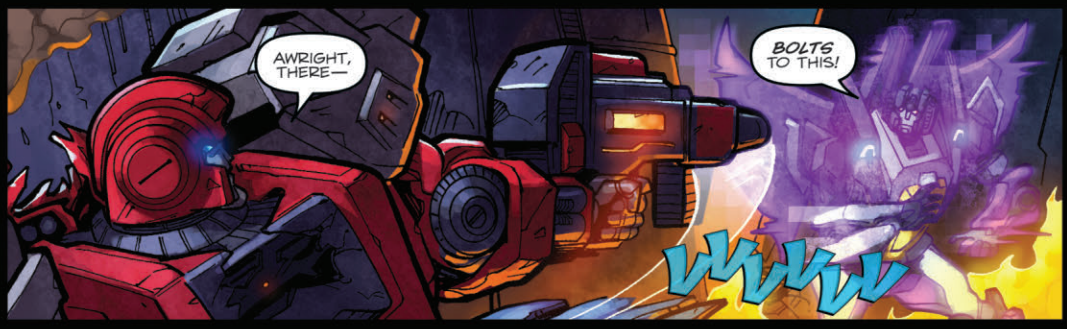
BLAM
I CAN HEAR THE ENERGON RUNNING THROUGH THEM.
YOU'RE DELAYING THE INEVITABLE!
THAK
I SHALL PREVAIL!

HUH.
Y'KNOW, SOMETIME YOU GOTTA GIVE IT A MINUTE OR TWO, BUT AFTER A WHILE IT ALWAYS FEELS GOOD TO COME BACK HOME.
LESS SMILING AND MORE HITTING, AUTOBOT.
THIS ISN'T OVER...
DECEPTICONS, GET BEHIND FRENZY!
YEAH! I'LL SONIC-BATTLE-CRY THESE HAS-BEENS INTO MUSH!
GUESS WE DO GOT PLENTY O' WORK LEFT.


THIS UPGRADED BODY IS SUPPOSED TO DOUBLE MY AUDIO ATTACK OUTPUT!
SO, HOW— HOW ARE YOU STILL STANDIN'?!

WHEELJACK—THAT'S AN OL' BUDDY O'MINE—TOLD ME, WHEN IT COMES TO SONIC ATTACKS—
—DON'T MATTER IF YOU'RE STRONGER IF THE AIR AIN'T THICKER.
ANYWAYS—


—YOU'RE DEALIN' WITH A BOT WHO KNOWS WHERE HE STANDS.
KARUMP


AWRIGHT, THERE—
BOLTS TO THIS!
WWWW

AUTOBOTS, SHAKE IT OFF AND LET'S SHAKE THESE CREEPS OUTTA OUR CITY!
VOP

BLAF
GET UP.
UNNH... DID WE WIN...?
NOT YET. MEGATRON AND THE OTHERS SURVIVED.
THEY STILL HAVE STARSCREAM.
CHAKKA

FOR WHATEVER IT'S WORTH, I'M SORRY I COULDN'T ACT SOONER. I'M SORRY SO MANY OF YOUR FRIENDS DIED.
I UNDERSTAND THAT FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU, LOSING FRIENDS HURTS.
CHAKKA
IT'S... OKAY. I'M JUST GLAD YOU CAME TO YOUR SENSES.

...DOUBT...

MEGATRON— WHAT NOW?! WHAT DO WE DO?!
YOU LOSE— LIKE ALWAYS! YOUR PLAN'S BLOWN, YOUR BIG GUY'S BRAIN DEAD.
ALL YOU DID WAS STEAL VICTORY AWAY FROM US—I WAS GOING TO WIN!

I'VE BEEN ON YOUR SIDE FROM THE BEGINNING, BUMBLEBEE.
WHEN BOMBSHELL TOOK OVER PROWL'S MIND, I HAD TO PLAY ALONG.
THE NEW DEVASTATOR IS MODULAR. IF YOU KILL ONE COMPONENT, THEY CAN REPLACE HIM WITH SOMEBODY ELSE.
CHAKKA CHAKKA CHAKKA

THE ONLY MOVE WAS TO CUT OFF THE CONTROLLER—AND TODAY WAS THE FIRST TIME I WAS CLOSE ENOUGH. WITH DEVASTATOR, THE DECEPTICONS WOULD BE UNBEATABLE, AND...
...WELL, EVERYTHING YOU WORKED FOR WOULD BE OVER.
I WASN'T ABOUT TO LET THAT HAPPEN.
CHAKKA
CHAKKA

...WHEN I FEEL...
...DOUBT CREEPING IN...?

YOURS WOULD BE A VICTORY OF COMPROMISE—A CYBERTRON WHERE OUR AUTOBOT OPPRESSORS ARE TREATED AS EQUALS.
THAT IS NO VICTORY.
AND THIS IS NOT A DEFEAT.
A REMOTE-CONTROLLED DEVASTATOR WAS NEVER THE ULTIMATE GOAL. PROWL WAS MERELY A TEST SUBJECT.

THIS IS IMPORTANT, WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO BUILD HERE.
I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, ARCEE.
UHHNNN...
...NNNHH... WHERE... STARSCREAM —WE HAVE TO GO AFTER HIM.

CHAM
ARE YOU CRAZY? HE'S ONE OF THEM.
BUMBLEBEE. WE'RE FIGHTING FOR A WORLD WHERE WE'RE NOT AUTOBOTS OR DECEPTICONS.
WE—ALL THREE OF US—WE ALL WANTED THAT.

WHEN I FEEL DOUBT CREEPING IN...
...I THINK ABOUT SPIKE WITWICKY.

LORD MEGATRON...
MM. UNEXPECTED.
WELL, THIS WILL CERTAINLY BE MESSY, UNTIL THE AUTOBOTS STOP IT.
PROWL HAS AN EXTRAORDINARY FORCE OF WILL... BUT NOT EVEN HE CAN CONTROL THE PSYCHES OF FIVE CONSTRUCTICONS.

WE'RE WITH YOU, METALHAWK. WE HAVE TO SAVE STARSCREAM.
WHAT?!

SIDESWIPE... YOU KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE. AND I REMEMBER EVERYTHING YOU DID TO ME—BUT THE TIME HAS COME TO PUT THAT ASIDE.
I KNOW IT'S STARSCREAM, BUT EVEN IF WE HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY THROUGH HUNDREDS OF DECEPTICONS, I CAN'T TURN—
STOP. STOP.
YOU HAD ME AT "SHOOT OUR WAY THROUGH HUNDREDS OF DECEPTICONS."

I TRIED TO TELL MYSELF I COULDN'T BE WHAT SPIKE WAS. THAT I CAN'T DO WHAT HE DID.
THAT CREATURE ISN'T ME ANYMORE.
BUT BOMBSHELL TOOK THE CHOICE AWAY.
NOW... NOW I AM THE DEVICE.

FOLLOW ME TO DEVASTATOR. TO VICTORY!
THE AUTOBOTS WILL FREE THEIR FRIEND—DOOM THEMSELVES TO DIE AT THE HAND OF A DEVASTATOR CONTROLLED BY THE ONLY CYBERTRONIAN WITH THE FORCE OF WILL CAPABLE OF THE ACT—
—MEGATRON!

YEAH.
OKAY. WE GET STARSCREAM. AND WE KILL MEGATRON.
ANYBODY WANTS OUT OF HERE, I—
UH. BEE.
HUH. WELL, IT WAS A COMPLICATED PLAN... I GUESS I WAS BOUND TO MAKE SOME MISTAKE.

BUT BOMBSHELL DOESN'T CONTROL ME.
PROWL DOESN'T CONTROL ME.
I AM NOT PROWL.

I AM DEVASTATOR.
AND NOTHING WILL CONTROL ME.

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #15 COVER B

by **CASEY W. COLLER** Colors by **JOANA LAFUENTE**

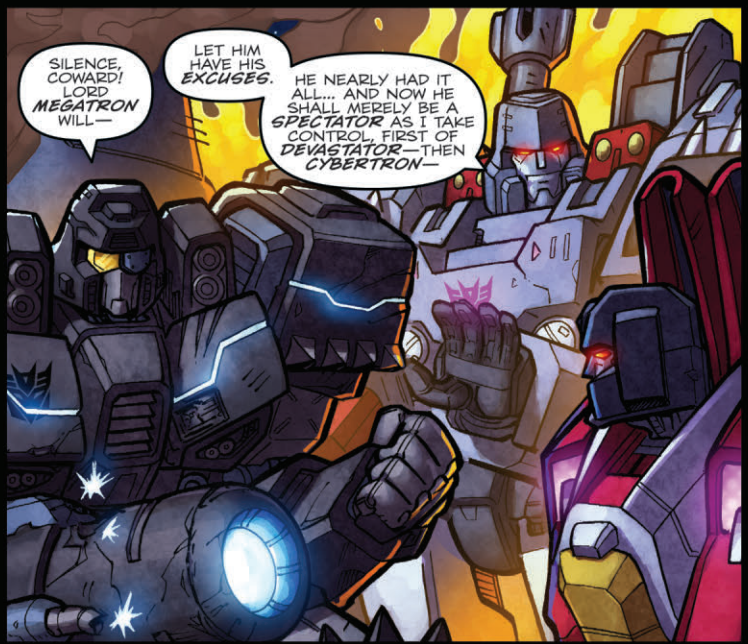
☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #16 COVER A

by **ANDREW GRIFFITH** COLORS BY **PRISCILLA TRAMONTANO**

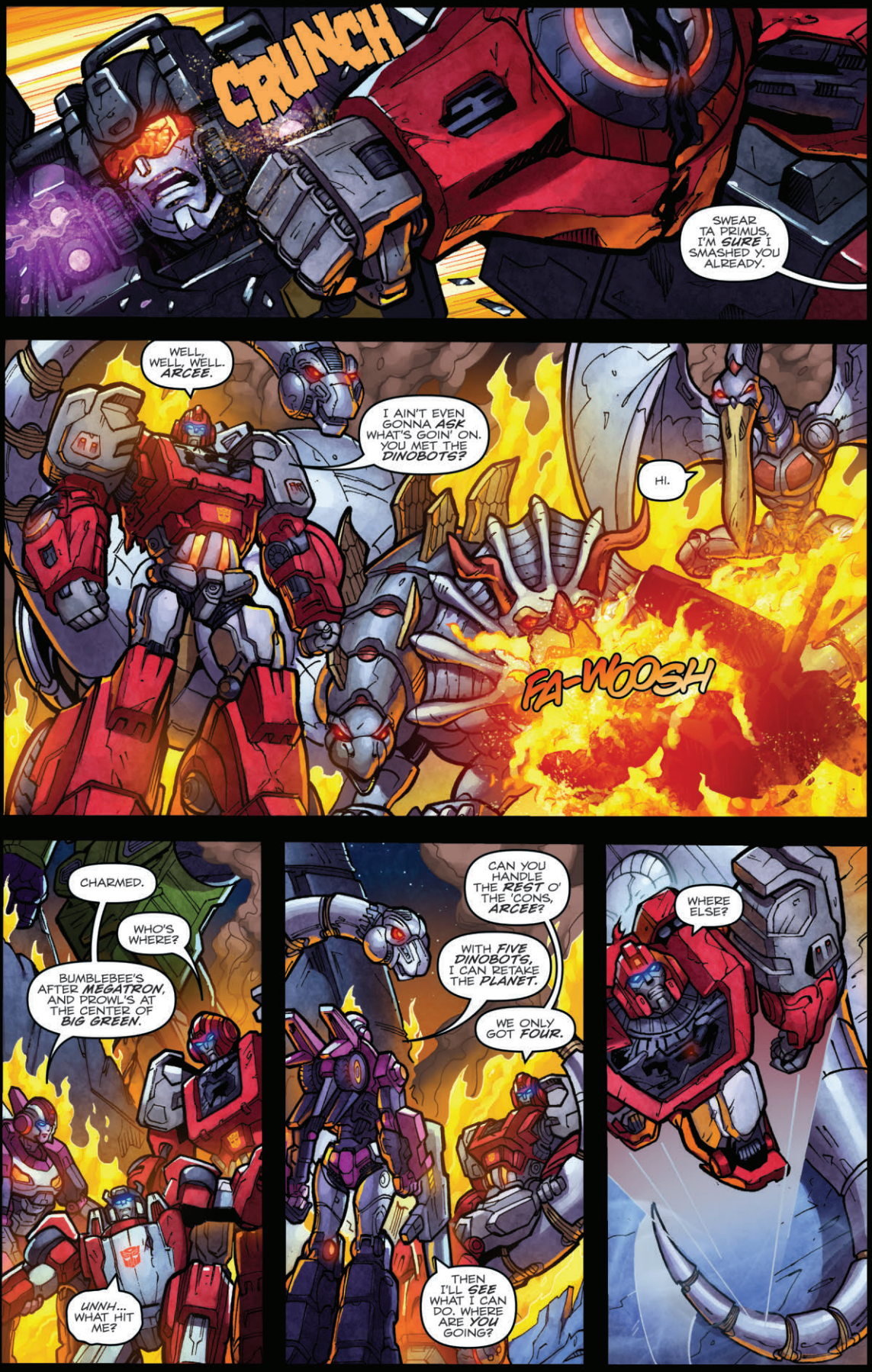
THIS IS THE STORY OF THE END OF A WORLD.
THIS IS THE STORY OF THE HUBRIS OF THOSE WHO BELIEVED THEY WERE BUILDING A CIVILIZATION...
...AND THIS IS THE STORY OF THE ONE WHO DID.
THIS IS SUICIDE, BUMBLEBEE.
IT'S YOUR IDEA.
KRA-ZAKK
SAVING STARSCREAM IS MY IDEA. NNGH. MY SURVIVABLE IDEA.
STOP ARGUING, METALHAWK— YOU CAN BARELY STAND. ANYWAY, WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE!
NO. STARSCREAM IS MY FRIEND, AND I'M ON A RESCUE MISSION. YOU WANT TO KILL MEGATRON.
OF COURSE I DO!
TZAKK
DO YOU SEE THE DIFFERENCE, BUMBLEBEE? IT'S WHY YOUR GOVERNMENT DIDN'T WORK.
DIRGE, JUST—JUST KEEP OUT OF THIS.
YOU WANT REVENGE ON A DECEPTICON. BUT METALHAWK...

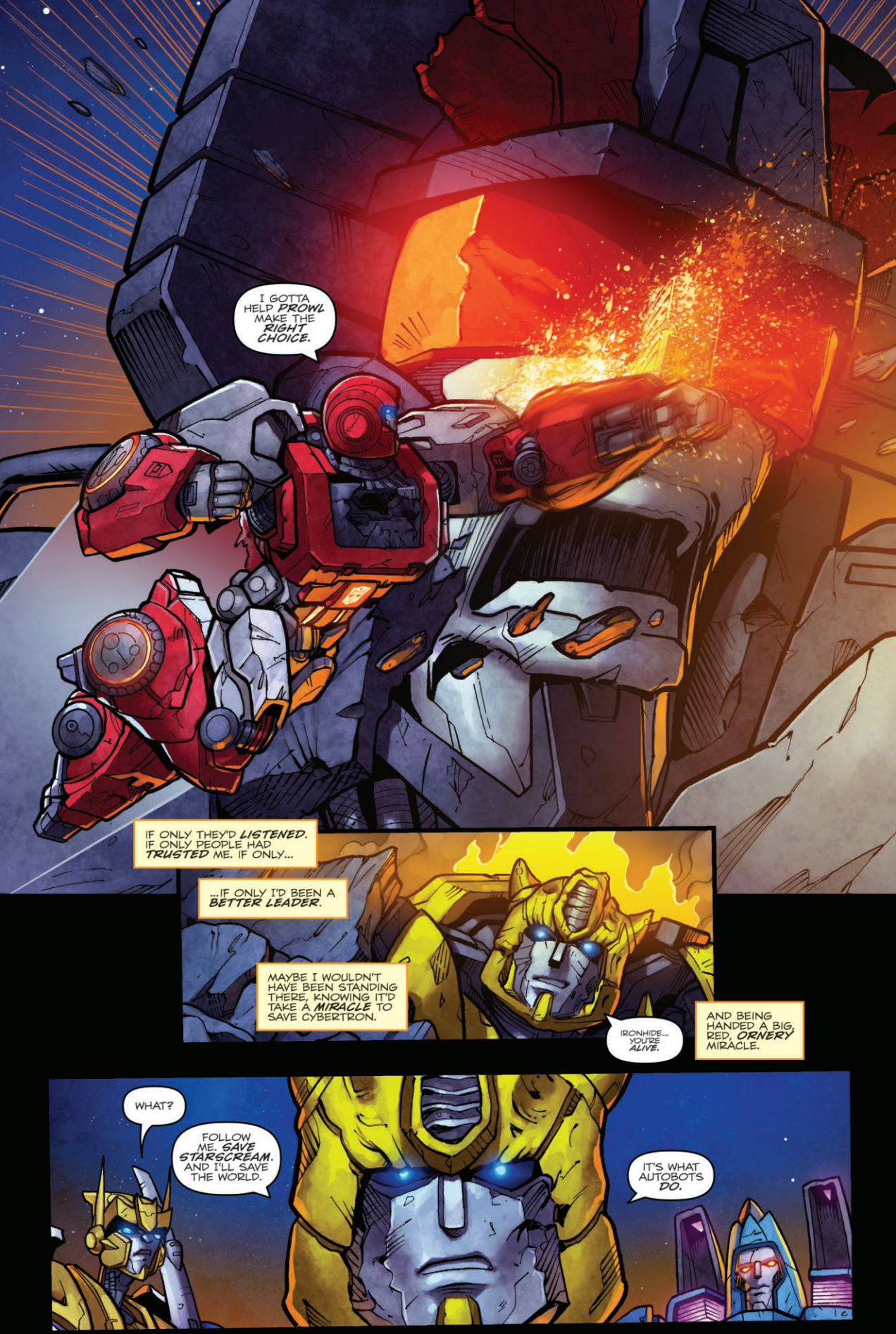
"...HE WANTS TO RESCUE A CYBERTRONIAN."
CHAFF
CHAFF
LORD MEGATRON— WHAT HAPPENED? HAS DEVASTATOR GONE MAD?
CHOOM CHOOM
INDEED. BUT IT IS OF NO CONCERN, TURMOIL.

STARSCREAM'S FRIENDS CAN BE COUNTED ON TO TAKE CARE OF THE SITUATION.
I'D WON. I'D ALREADY WON AND...
...AND THEY'RE NOT MY FRIENDS.


SILENCE, COWARD! LORD MEGATRON WILL—
LET HIM HAVE HIS EXCUSES.
HE NEARLY HAD IT ALL... AND NOW HE SHALL MERELY BE A SPECTATOR AS I TAKE CONTROL. FIRST OF DEVASTATOR—THEN CYBERTRON—

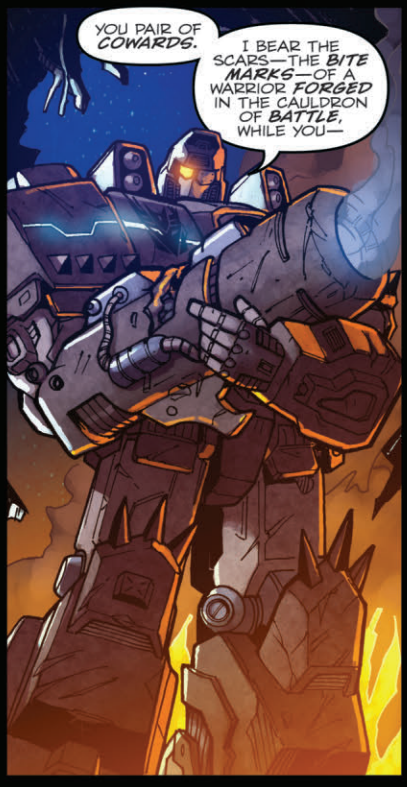
"—AND THE *UNIVERSE* SHALL FOLLOW."
THE *BIG GUY'S* DESTROYING EVERYTHING HE SEES. I—
VOP
VOP
URK!
—THAT'S NOT A BAD MOVE, *ARCEE*. I MEAN, I HAD HIM...
...BUT THAT'S NOT—
-AGGH!
RUMBLAR
HUH. LOOKS LIKE THAT *HURT*.
HURT?! REMEMBER WHEN YOU CUT OFF MY *ARMS!? THAT* HURT—
—AND IT WASN'T THE *PLAN!*
STARSCREAM MIGHT HAVE BEEN WATCHING. I HAD TO *IMPROVISE*. ANYWAY...
...NEITHER WAS SLICING YOUR *CHEST* OPEN AND RIPPING YOUR *SPARK* OUT WITH MY *TEETH*, BUT I'M GONNA DO *THAT*, TOO, *RUMBLE*.
AH...
YOU AGAIN?


CRUNCH
SWEAR TA PRIMUS, I'M SURE I SMASHED YOU ALREADY.
WELL, WELL, WELL. ARCEE.
I AIN'T EVEN GONNA ASK WHAT'S GOIN' ON. YOU MET THE DINOBOTS?
HI.
FA-WOOSH
CHARMED.
WHO'S WHERE?
BUMBLEBEE'S AFTER MEGATRON, AND PROWL'S AT THE CENTER OF BIG GREEN.
UNNH... WHAT HIT ME?
CAN YOU HANDLE THE REST O' THE 'CONS, ARCEE?
WITH FIVE DINOBOTS, I CAN RETAKE THE PLANET.
WE ONLY GOT FOUR.
THEN I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO. WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
WHERE ELSE?


I GOTTA HELP PROWL MAKE THE RIGHT CHOICE.
IF ONLY THEY'D LISTENED. IF ONLY PEOPLE HAD TRUSTED ME. IF ONLY...
...IF ONLY I'D BEEN A BETTER LEADER.
MAYBE I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN STANDING THERE, KNOWING IT'D TAKE A MIRACLE TO SAVE CYBERTRON.
IRONHIDE... YOU'RE ALIVE.
AND BEING HANDED A BIG, RED, ORNERY MIRACLE.
WHAT?
FOLLOW ME. SAVE STARSCREAM. AND I'LL SAVE THE WORLD.
IT'S WHAT AUTOBOTS DO.

A MIRACLE WAS ALL I NEEDED.
I REALLY BELIEVED THAT.
AFTER EVERYTHING I SCREWED UP, I STILL THOUGHT WE HAD A CHANCE.
YOU KNOW—I DIDN'T EVEN UNDERSTAND WHAT I SCREWED UP.
CHOOM
I'D JUST TRIED TO HELP, RIGHT?
I NEVER LEARN.
COME ON, STARSCREAM!
CHOOM
YOU... YOU CAME BACK FOR ME.
NNNGH. YES. OF COURSE. YOU'RE MY FRIEND.
BUT...
...I THOUGHT YOU'D TURNED AGAINST ME.

THAT'S NOT HOW FRIENDSHIP—
AGGH!
THROOM

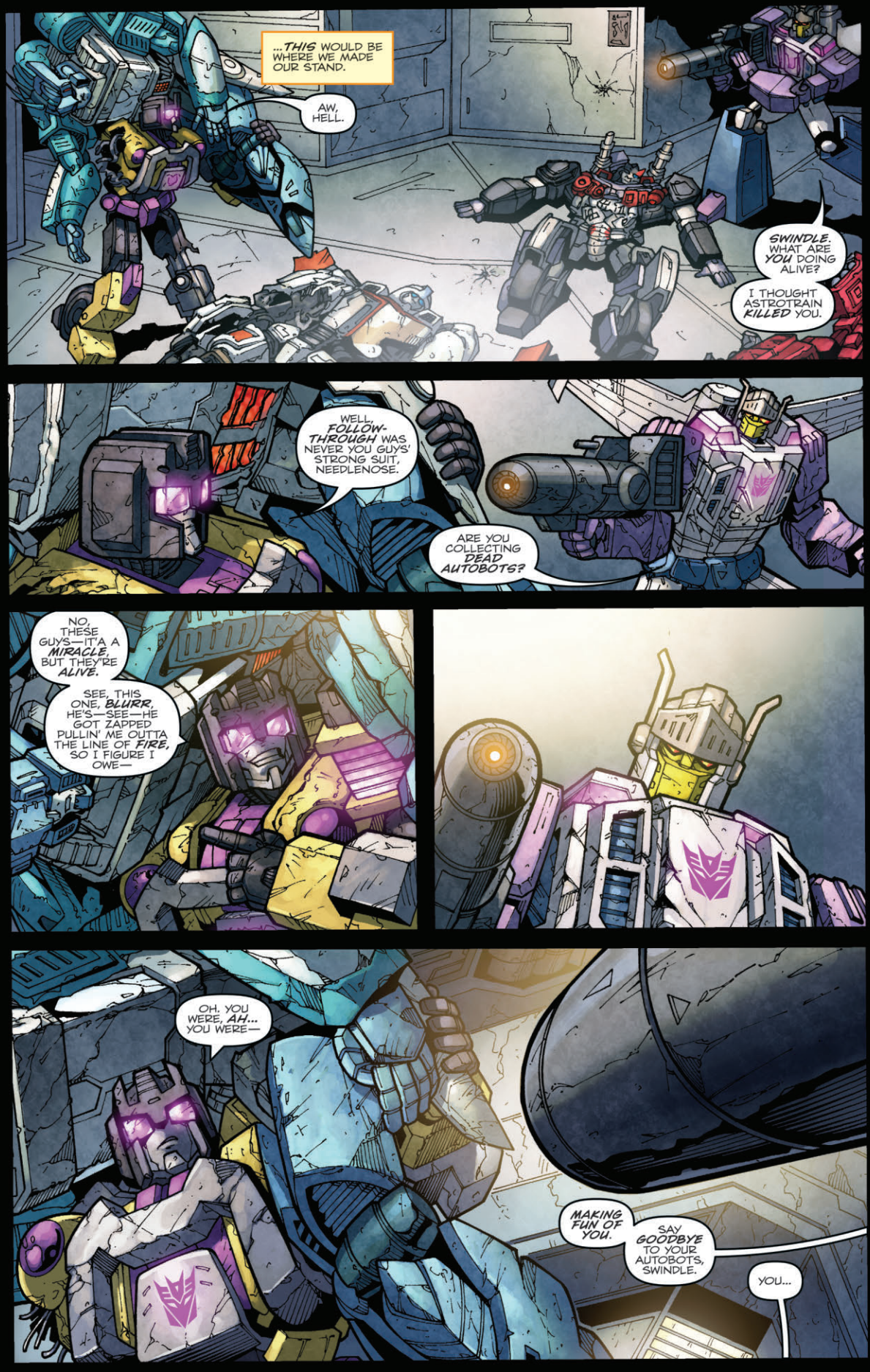

YOU PAIR OF COWARDS.
I BEAR THE SCARS—THE BITE MARKS—OF A WARRIOR FORGED IN THE CAULDRON OF BATTLE, WHILE YOU—

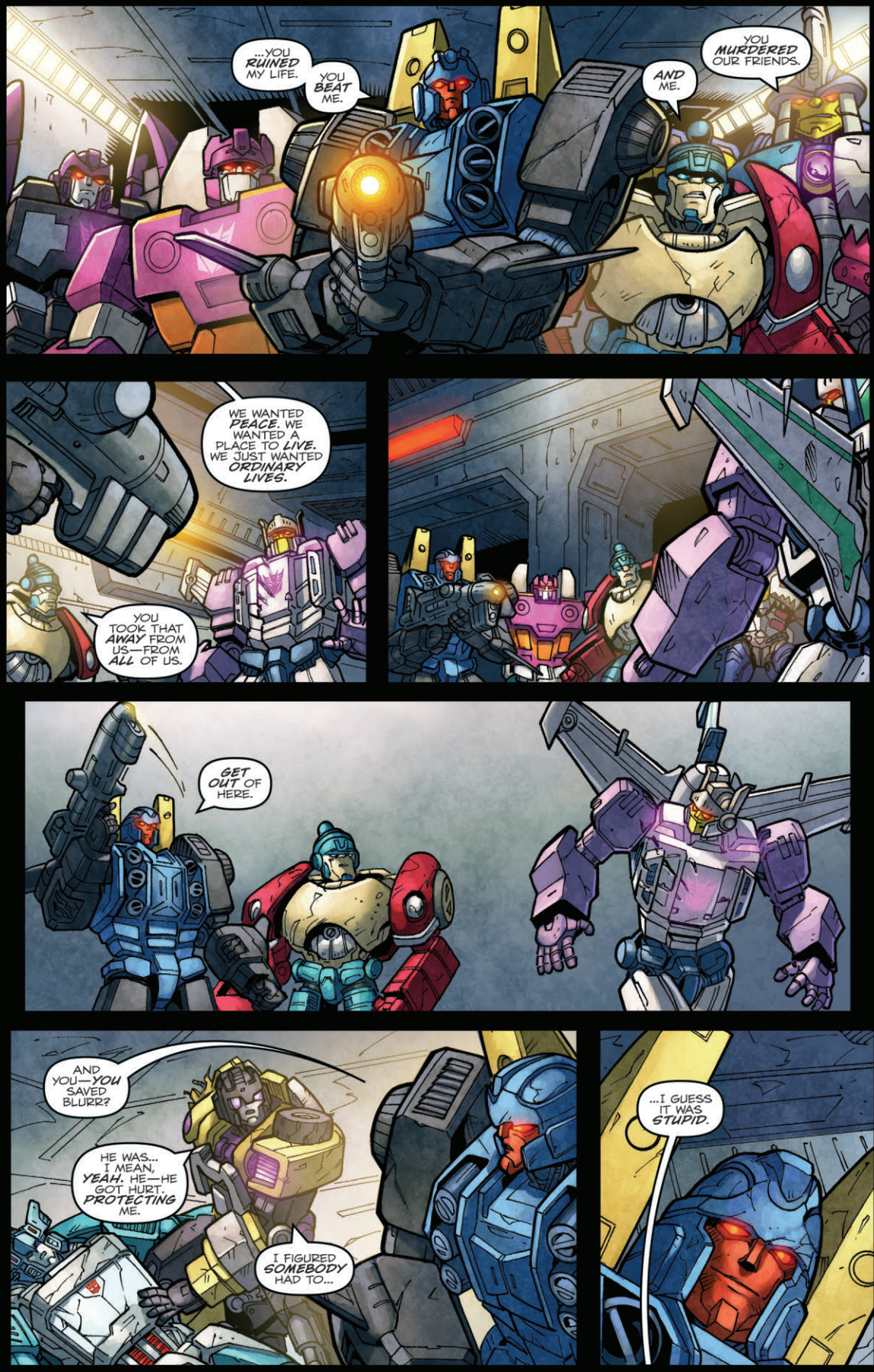
—A PACIFIST—
—AND AN OPPORTUNIST—
—RUN TO HIDE IN THE SHADOWS.

OPPORTUNIST.
I LIKE THAT, TURMOIL. YOU'RE NOT THE FIRST PERSON TO CALL ME THAT, BUT I LIKE IT.
THING WITH OPPORTUNISTS—

FHROOM
—DON'T SHOW THEM OPPORTUNITIES.
I WAS LEADER OF THE SEEKERS, TURMOIL, NOT YOU.
KNOW WHY?
THUNKK
IT'S NOT BECAUSE YOU'RE A BETTER FIGHTER THAN ME.
CALL ME A COWARD AGAIN.

MY FRIENDS AND I—
—WE'VE FOUGHT SO *HARD* OVER THE YEARS. WE *LOST* SO MUCH.
WE *COULDN'T* LOSE MORE.
I WAS *NEVER* A RELIGIOUS 'BOT, BUT I HAD FAITH IN *THAT*. WE COULDN'T LOSE MORE.
C'MON, PROWL. OL' PAL—*SNAP OUTTA IT!*
YOU WILL *NEVER* WIN.
I HAVE NO *DOUBTS*. NO *HESITATIONS*.
I DON'T *CARE*—
—I AIN'T LETTIN' YOU *GO OUT* LIKE THIS!
NOTHING *CONTROLS* ME.
NOTHING CAN *STOP* ME.
WHATEVER IT TOOK...


...THIS WOULD BE WHERE WE MADE OUR STAND.
AW, HELL.
SWINDLE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING ALIVE?
I THOUGHT ASTROTRAIN KILLED YOU.
WELL, FOLLOW-THROUGH WAS NEVER YOU GUYS' STRONG SUIT, NEEDLENOSE.
ARE YOU COLLECTING DEAD AUTOBOTS?
NO, THESE GUYS—IT'A A MIRACLE, BUT THEY'RE ALIVE.
SEE, THIS ONE, BLURR, HE'S—SEE—HE GOT ZAPPED PULLIN' ME OUTTA THE LINE OF FIRE, SO I FIGURE I OWE—
OH. YOU WERE, AH... YOU WERE—
MAKING FUN OF YOU.
SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR AUTOBOTS, SWINDLE.
YOU...


...YOU RUINED MY LIFE.
YOU BEAT ME.
AND ME.
YOU MURDERED OUR FRIENDS.
WE WANTED PEACE. WE WANTED A PLACE TO LIVE. WE JUST WANTED ORDINARY LIVES.
YOU TOOK THAT AWAY FROM US—FROM ALL OF US.
GET OUT OF HERE.
AND YOU—YOU SAVED BLURR?
HE WAS... I MEAN, YEAH. HE—HE GOT HURT. PROTECTING ME.
I FIGURED SOMEBODY HAD TO...
...I GUESS IT WAS STUPID.

PROWL— IF YOU'RE IN THERE—NOW'S THE TIME, BUDDY!
IMPOSSIBLE. IMPOSSIBLE ODDS.
WHY? WHY... WOULD YOU PERSIST?

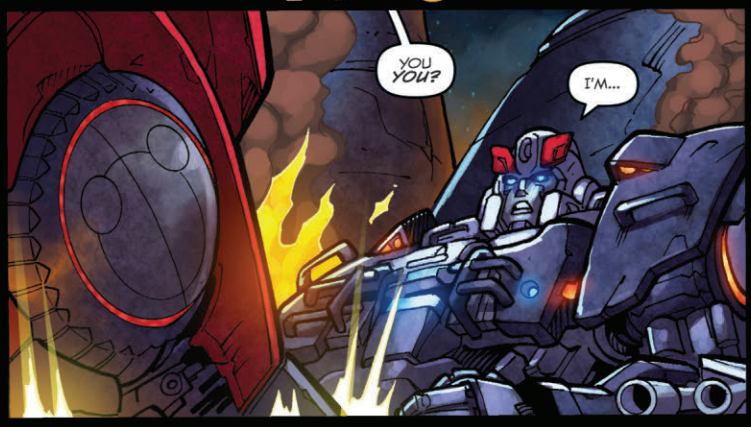
A QUESTION? FROM YOU?
HEH. FINALLY.
I KEEP GOIN' 'CAUSE I GOTTA.
I SAW THE FUTURE—AN' I THOUGHT THAT WAS IT. THAT WAS ALL THERE WAS GONNA BE.
BUT OUT IN THE WILDERNESS, WITH ME AN' THE DINOBOTS—I STARTED TA DOUBT THINGS'RE SO BLACK-AND-WHITE...

DOUBT.
...WE DON'T HAVE TO BE WHAT WE ARE—
—WE CAN CHANGE!
CHANGE... DOUBT... I...
AN' WE'RE GONNA NEED YA TA FIX THE FUTURE!

...I...
...DOUBT.
I...
...CAN'T...
...BE...

...THIS!
SARUANK

BA-RUNKK

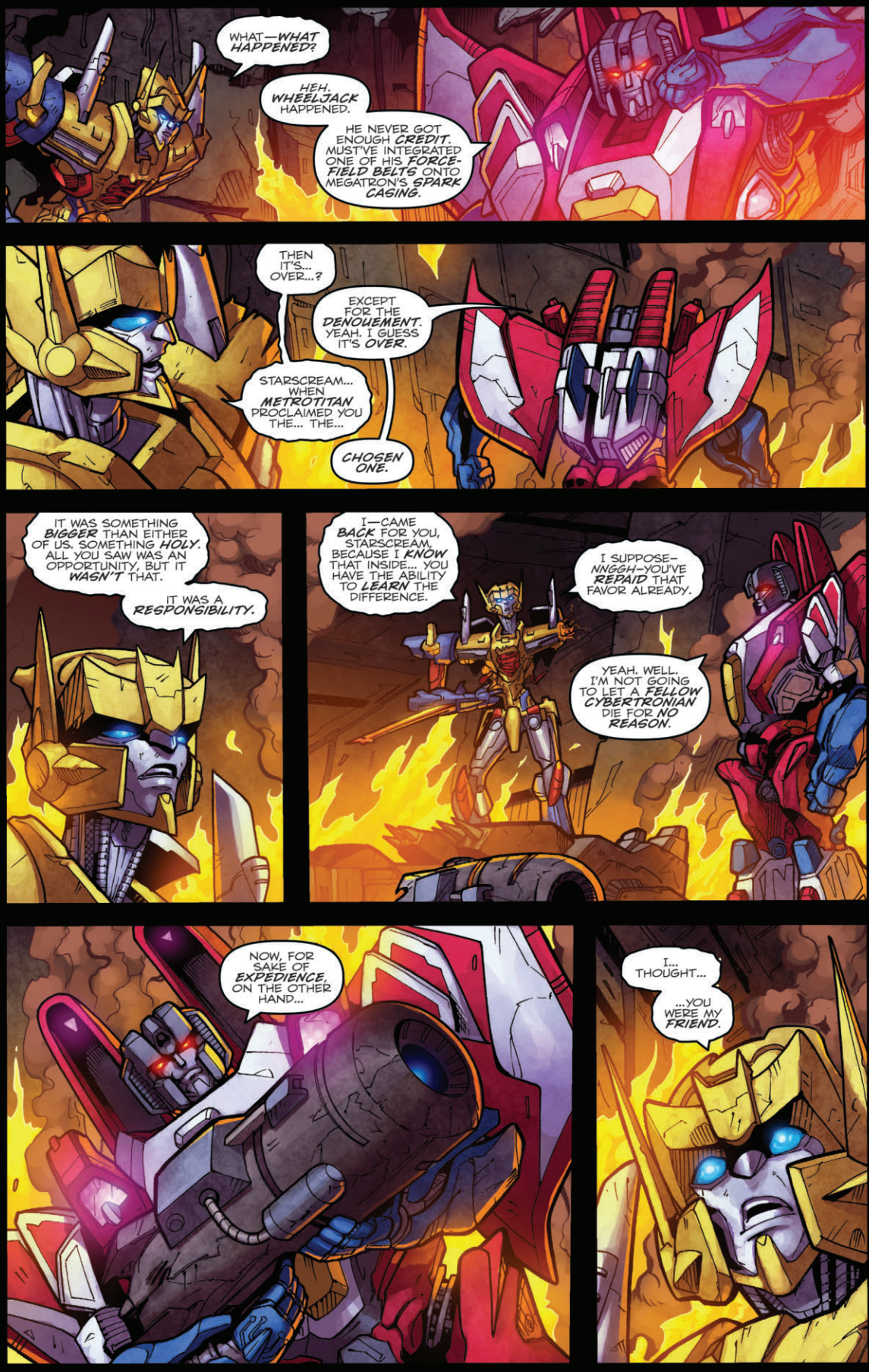

YOU
YOU?
I'M...

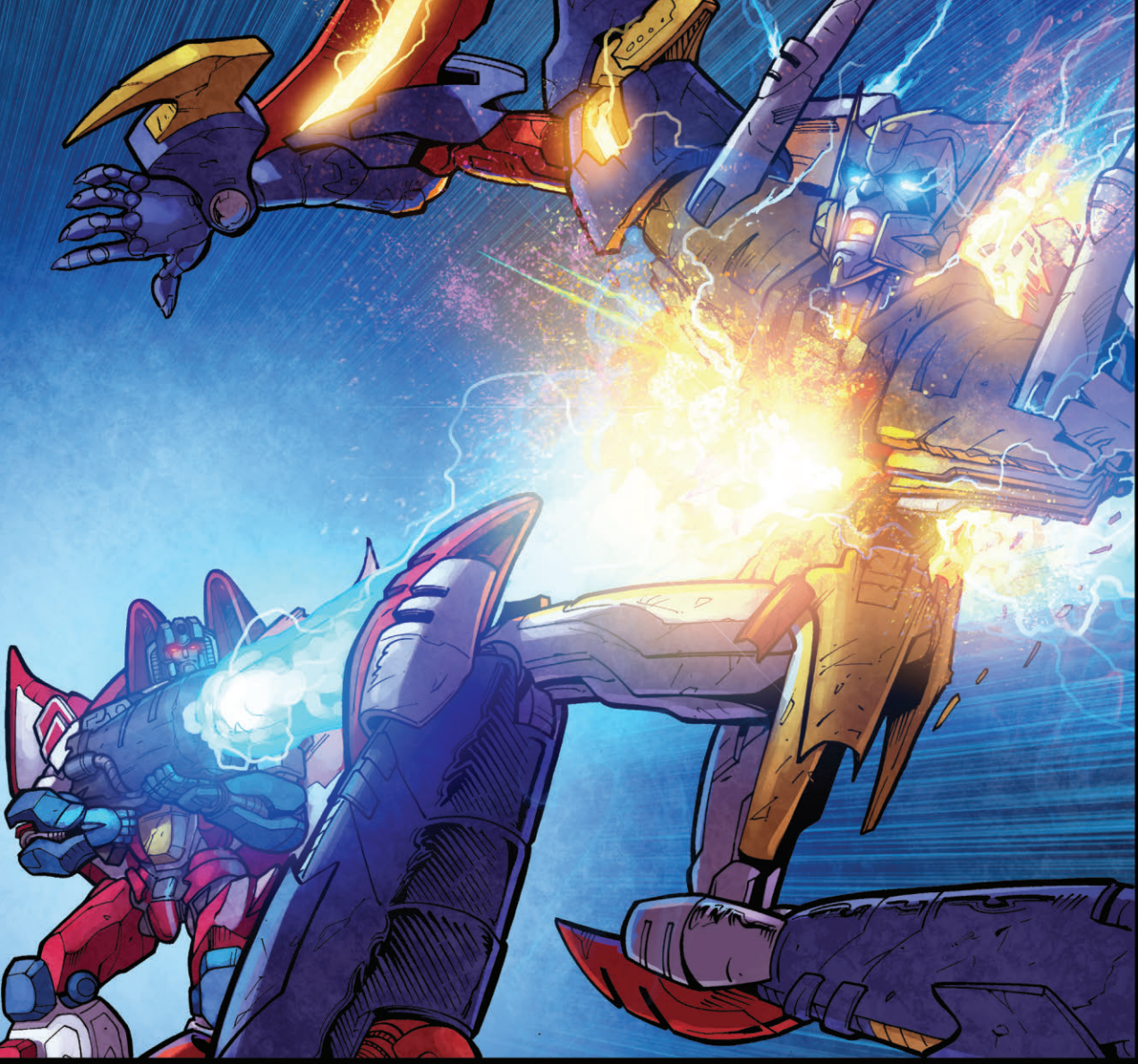
...I'M ME.
GOT TOO MUCH OF AN EGO TA BE ANYBODY ELSE.
I—I NEEDED TO HEAR—
LATER, PROWL...

...RIGHT NOW, WE GOT WORK TO DO.
VERY GOOD, AUTOBOTS—

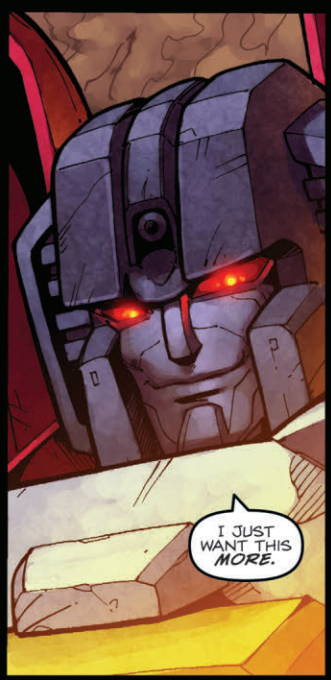
—I ASSUMED YOU WOULD STOP AN OUT-OF-CONTROL DEVASTATOR.
BUT I HOPE YOU'RE PROUD OF YOURSELVES, REGARDLESS.
MEGATRON. YOU DID THIS.
INDEED. I HAVE SINGLEHANDEDLY CHANGED THE COURSE OF HISTORY...
UNNH...?
AND I AM ABOUT TO DO SO MUCH MORE.
HERE WE GO AGAIN, GUYS.
MAKE NO MISTAKE, BUMBLEBEE.
HISTORY SHALL REMEMBER YOU, AS WELL...
...AS THE AUTOBOT WHO LOST THE WAR FOR CYBERTRON.
NO!
YOU CAN'T START THE WAR AGAIN—WE HAVE THE CHANCE TO CHANGE EVERYTHING!

IS CHANGE SO IMPORTANT TO YOU THAT YOU'LL DIE FOR IT?
CHOOM
AGGH—!
BEE. I HAVE AN IDEA. IT'LL PROBABLY KILL US, AND MOST OF THE CITY—
BUT ANYTHIN'S BETTER'N—
SHUT UP, BOTH OF YOU. GIMME A SECOND.
"IMPORTANT"...
BUMBLEBEE—
—REMEMBER WHAT'S MOST IMPORTANT—
B-BUH...
...BUHM BUHL BEEHH...
GOT HIM—EVEN IF HE STILL HAD THAT BIG OLD CANNON, HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO BREAK THIS.
THE THREE MOST IMPORTANT WORDS IN THE CYBERTRONIAN LANGUAGE, BUDDY.
DAMMIT. SYSTEM BYPASS— CODEWORD:
WHEELJACK.
WHEELJACK.
WHEELJACK.

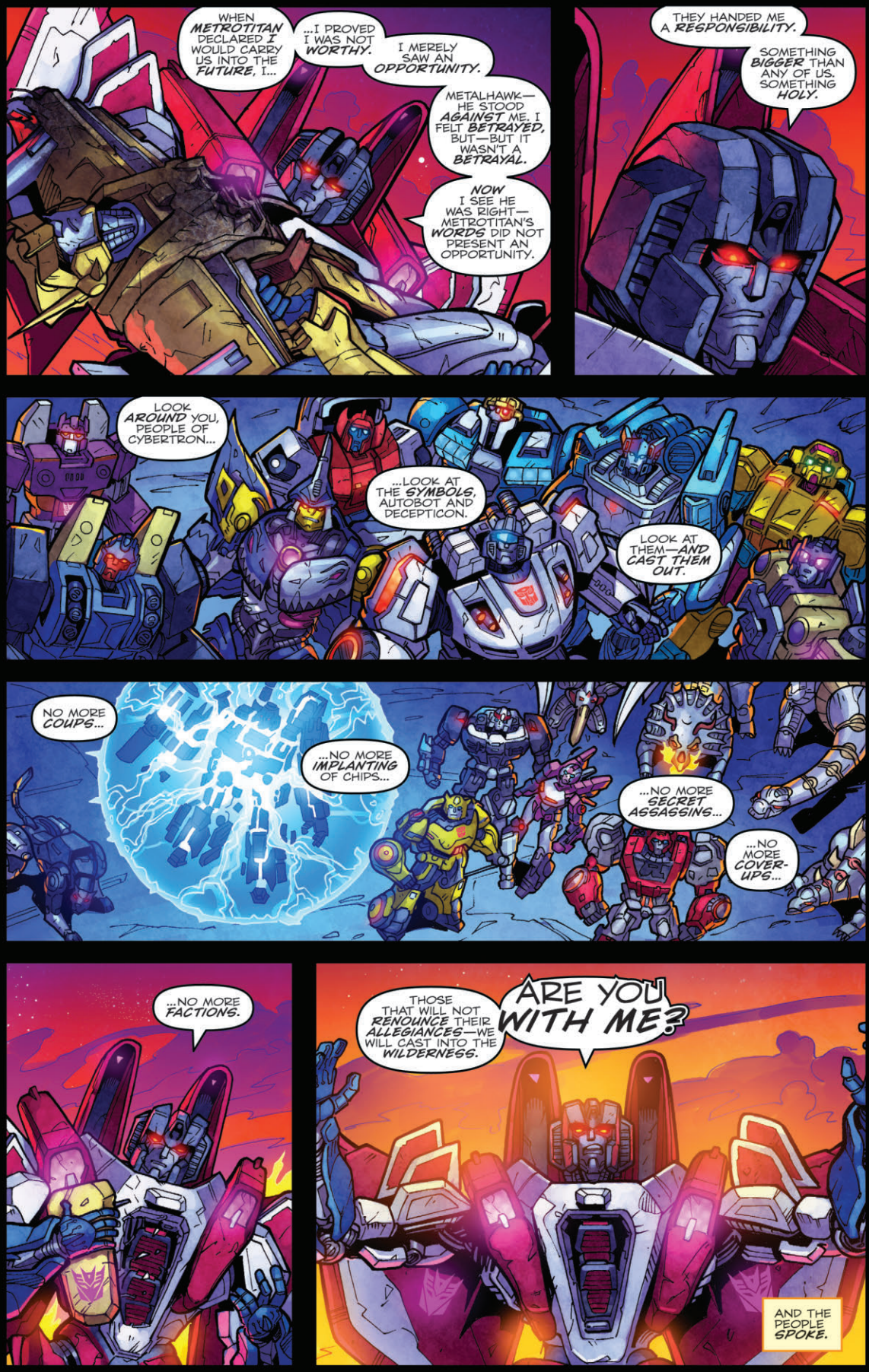

WHAT—WHAT HAPPENED?
HEH. WHEELJACK HAPPENED.
HE NEVER GOT ENOUGH CREDIT. MUST'VE INTEGRATED ONE OF HIS FORCE-FIELD BELTS ONTO MEGATRON'S SPARK CASING.
THEN IT'S... OVER...?
EXCEPT FOR THE DENOUEMENT. YEAH. I GUESS IT'S OVER.
STARSCREAM... WHEN METROTITAN PROCLAIMED YOU THE... THE...
CHOSEN ONE.
IT WAS SOMETHING BIGGER THAN EITHER OF US. SOMETHING HOLY. ALL YOU SAW WAS AN OPPORTUNITY, BUT IT WASN'T THAT.
IT WAS A RESPONSIBILITY.
I—CAME BACK FOR YOU, STARSCREAM, BECAUSE I KNOW THAT INSIDE... YOU HAVE THE ABILITY TO LEARN THE DIFFERENCE.
I SUPPOSE—NNGGH—YOU'VE REPAID THAT FAVOR ALREADY.
YEAH. WELL. I'M NOT GOING TO LET A FELLOW CYBERTRONIAN DIE FOR NO REASON.
NOW, FOR SAKE OF EXPEDIENCE, ON THE OTHER HAND...
I... THOUGHT...
...YOU WERE MY FRIEND.



I WAS.


I JUST WANT THIS MORE.

NO TIME TO CELEBRATE, PEOPLE! WE GOT WOUNDED!
SOMEBODY, ONE O' Y'ALL—HELP DIRGE!
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
I HAVE SOME PRACTICE IN TAKING 'BOTS APART, AT LEAST.
OKAY, BEE—WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
WE... WE REBUILD.
YOU—CONSTRUCTICONS, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR—
NO... THINGS CAN'T JUST GO BACK LIKE THEY WERE. EVERYTHING'S CHANGED.
I TOLD YOU WE ALL WANT WHAT WE CAN'T HAVE.
W-WHAT DO YOU M-MEAN? WE—WE WON.
LOOK, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT... UH...
...TRAP... UH... TRIP...
TAPPET! YOU REALLY STILL DON'T KNOW MY NAME—?
CITIZENS OF IACON—
—LOOK! LOOK AT WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE!
METALHAWK, THE... THE MOST NOBLE OF US. ALL. THE MOST NOBLE SPARK I HAVE EVER KNOWN.
DEAD—MURDERED BY OUR WOULD-BE LEADERS.

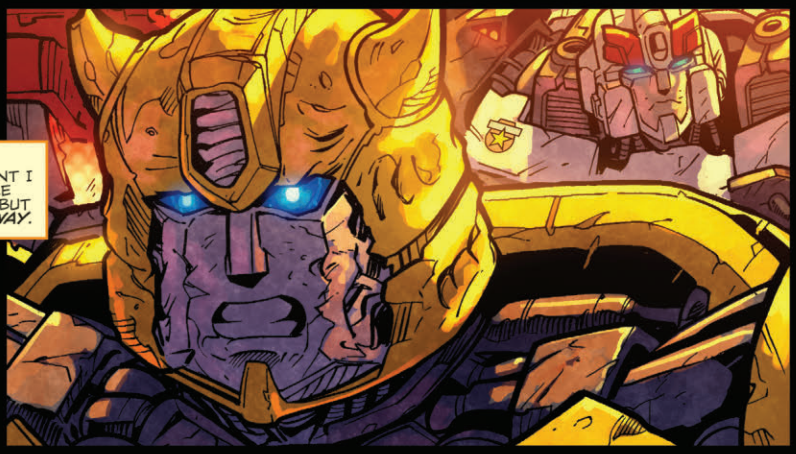

WHEN METROTITAN DECLARED I WOULD CARRY US INTO THE FUTURE, I...
...I PROVED I WAS NOT WORTHY.
I MERELY SAW AN OPPORTUNITY.
METALHAWK—HE STOOD AGAINST ME. I FELT BETRAYED, BUT—BUT IT WASN'T A BETRAYAL.
NOW I SEE HE WAS RIGHT—METROTITAN'S WORDS DID NOT PRESENT AN OPPORTUNITY.
THEY HANDED ME A RESPONSIBILITY.
SOMETHING BIGGER THAN ANY OF US. SOMETHING HOLY.
LOOK AROUND YOU, PEOPLE OF CYBERTRON...
...LOOK AT THE SYMBOLS, AUTOBOT AND DECEPTICON.
LOOK AT THEM—AND CAST THEM OUT.
NO MORE COUPS...
...NO MORE IMPLANTING OF CHIPS...
...NO MORE SECRET ASSASSINS...
...NO MORE COVER-UPS...
...NO MORE FACTIONS.
THOSE THAT WILL NOT RENOUNCE THEIR ALLEGIANCES—WE WILL CAST INTO THE WILDERNESS.
ARE YOU WITH ME?
AND THE PEOPLE SPOKE.

AND MY STORY ENDED. AUTOBOTS—MYSELF, MY FRIENDS—SENT OUT OF THE CITY'S WALLS.
KING BEE, WHEELJACK CALLED ME. IF ONLY HE COULD SEE ME NOW.

I BROKE RULES I KNEW TO BE RIGHT FOR THE SAKE OF THE GREATER GOOD.
STARSCREAM... HE'S NEVER KNOWN A GOOD GREATER THAN HIS OWN WELL-BEING.

HE'S PURE AMBITION, WITH NO IDEOLOGY—NOT EVEN DECEPTICON IDEOLOGY.
HE CAST THEM OUT, TOO.
NO. THE PEOPLE CAST US OUT. THE PEOPLE CHOSE...

...AND THEY CHOSE STARSCREAM.
THE CITY—AND THE PLANET—ARE HIS.


I HATED EVERY MOMENT I TRIED TO RULE CYBERTRON. BUT I DID IT ANYWAY.
BECAUSE I KNEW IF NOT ME...

...HIM.
THIS WAS THE STORY OF THE END OF A WORLD.
THE STORY OF HUBRIS, AND TRUST, AND OF DOING THE RIGHT THING.
IT WAS THE STORY OF POWER.
OF WHO LEADS, AND WHO IS LED.
WHO DESERVES IT...
...AND WHO DESIRES IT.
HEAVY IS THE HEAD

☐ ROBOTS IN DISGUISE #16 COVER B

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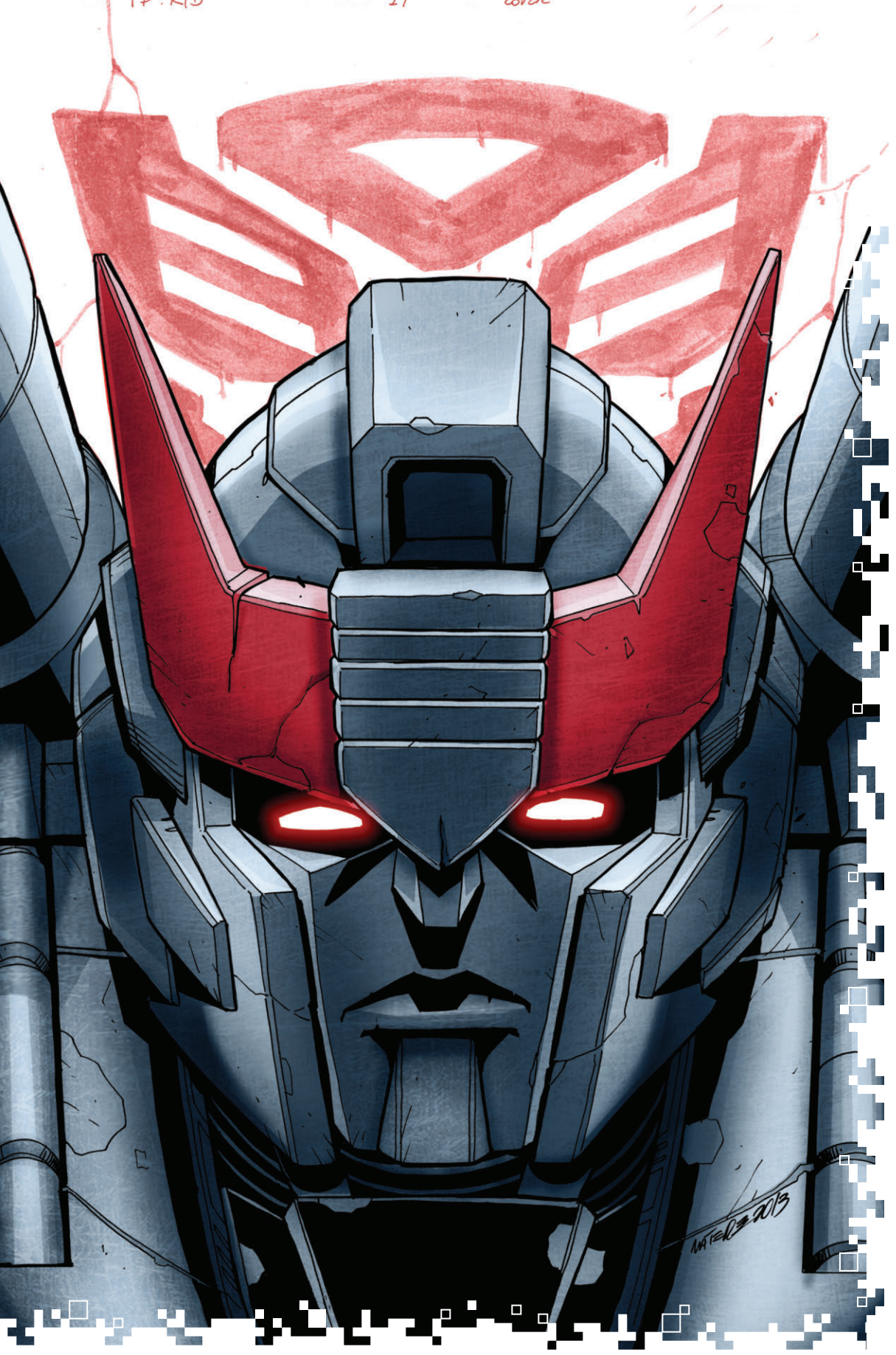

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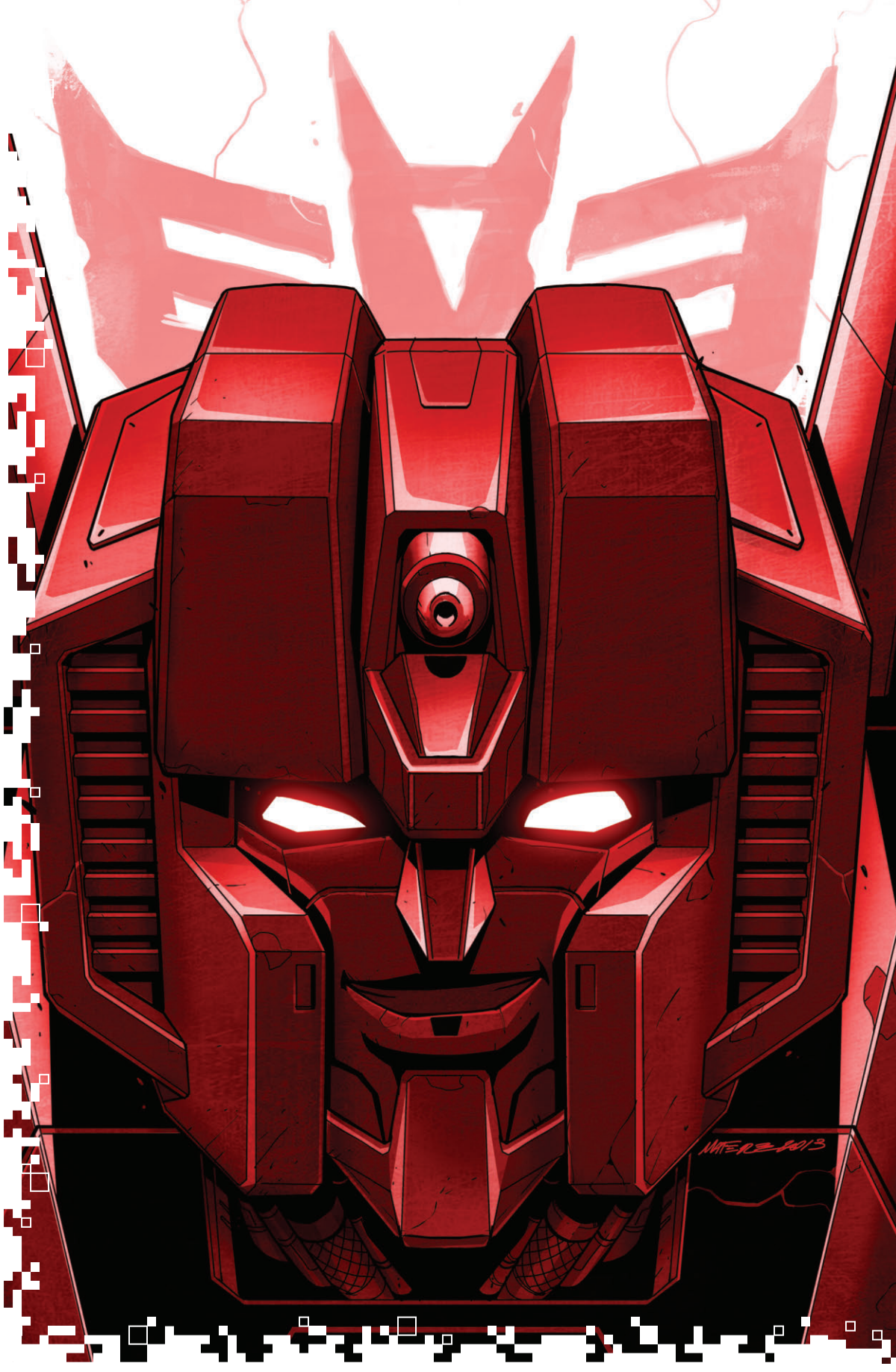

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by **MARCELO MATERE**

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by **MARCELO MARTERE**

Megatron's back... and Cybertron will never be the same. Everything **Bumblebee** and his Autobots have built teeters at the edge of collapse–and **Starscream** has to make the choice his whole life has been leading to. Plus, meet the new **Prowl**–deadlier than ever, colder than any other Autobot, and ready to end the Decepticon threat.

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